LATEST WAR NEWS.

The Post

Sunday Special

½D 2.

NO. 485. SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1914. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.]

BATTLE IN POLAND.

RUSSIA'S GREAT TRIUMPH.

ENEMY'S SERIOUS LOSSES.

Russian official despatches show that at certain points the Germans were dislodged by bayonet attacks.

The Russian cavalry made several successful charges against the enemy's infantry while the Germans were falling back, and captured guns with some of their teams complete. "On the whole front between the Vistula and the Warta the battle is favourable to our armies" is the summing up.

Against the Austrians the Russian successes continue. A whole regiment surrendered, in addition to 4000 prisoners.

On the right bank of the Vistula the enemy is in disorderly retreat in the Cracow region, and is being vigorously pursued.

A later official communique by the Russian Staff states that a decisive success has been achieved at one point, and further immense captures have been made, including several staff officers.

The far-reaching effects upon the entire situation in the war is admitted in the wireless report from Berlin.

In Belgium artillery actions continue, the German heavy guns showing activity. Only one infantry attack has taken place south of Ypres, and this our troops repulsed.

A German biplane, occupied by three aviators, was brought down. One of the aviators was killed, and the others taken prisoners.

In Champagne our heavy artillery has inflicted on the enemy's artillery somewhat serious losses.

According to a Berlin telegram 76,000 Turks, under Izzel Pasha, are marching against the Suez Canal. This army includes 10,000 Bedouins with 500 camels. The British have barred the road from Fayum to Dajarahad by a long line of trenches and artillery.

De Wet and his followers occupied the town of Winburg, the town surrendering without a shot being fired. Stores were invaded and looted. General Botha ultimately came to the relief of the town, and received a loyal welcome.

TURKS MARCH ON SUEZ CANAL

76,000 STRONG.

Road Barred by British Trenches.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to a Berlin telegram to the Telegraaf, a message received from Cairo the road from [illegible] had been barred by the British [illegible] line of trenches and artillery [illegible].

The telegram also states that 76,000 Turks, under [illegible] are marching against the Suez Canal.

This army includes 10,000 Bedouins, with five hundred camels.

The Turks have built a field railway to Al Nakel on the Suez Canal.

A private letter to the Handelsblad from Constantinople says that on the 14th inst. demonstrations took place at Pera, when the windows of the French, British and Russian subjects were smashed.

Most damage was done to Tokatliano Hotel. Everything was destroyed, not only in the restaurant, but in the upper storeys. The damage was estimated at £500.—P.A. War Special.

INDIAN ENTHUSIASM.

Fighting Races Aroused.

Delhi, Saturday.

War news continues to absorb the entire interest of all the communities in India, while the whole country is engaged in furthering schemes of every kind for promoting the ultimate victory of the Empire.

Practically every British woman in India is working for the comfort of the troops.

Daily telegrams announcing victories or reverses are received throughout the country with quiet and supreme confidence.

Recruiting for the native army is proceeding in an extraordinary manner, the fighting races having had their martial instincts whetted by accounts of the feats achieved by the Indian troops at the front.

Applications for permission to proceed to the front are so numerous that the Commissioner-in-Chief has forbidden officers to forward them.—P.A. War Special.

RUSSIANS' SWEEPING VICTORY.

FAR-REACHING EFFECTS ON THE SITUATION.

BIG CAPTURES OF PRISONERS AND GUNS.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The following official communique was issued at four o'clock this afternoon by the Government General Staff:—

On the Proschovitse-Brzeskestare-Bochnia-Vismitch front our troops have achieved a decisive success.

Here on November 26 we routed the Austrian Army, taking more than 7000 prisoners, thirty guns, ten of them with their gun teams complete, and more than twenty machine guns.

One of our battalions broke into Brzesckostori and captured all that remained of the 31st Honved Regiment, including the commander, twenty officers, and 1250 men, with the regimental colours.

We also captured a motor car, in which were several officers of the General Staff.

We are energetically continuing the pursuit of the enemy.

In the fighting at Lodz, which was continued to-day, we have also succeeded in making progress at certain points.

In the Carpathians our troops are attacking important Austrian forces.

On the left bank of the Vistula our troops, advancing from the Lower Bzura River, have reached a combine in the centre.

We captured the town of Breziny and villages in the Valley of the Morga Stream, where at certain points we dislodged the Germans by bayonet attacks.

We are continuing our offensive in that region between Breziny and Glovno.

Our cavalry made several successful charges against the enemy's infantry, while the Germans were falling back, and captured guns, some with their teams complete.

The number of prisoners captured has not yet been exactly ascertained.

To sum up, on the whole front between the Vistula and the Warta the battle is favourable to our arms.

On the Czenstochowa-Cracow-Tymeiark front our successes assumed marked importance.

Yesterday our troops took more than 4000 prisoners.

Our offensive movement was particularly fortunate in the region of the Lower Lzreniava, where a whole battalion of the 31st Honved Regiment surrendered.

Our troops also carried a powerful fortified Austrian position on the left bank of the river Rabe, where certain of our troops crossed the river by a ford up to their necks in water, and amid a rush of ice floes, and attacked the enemy.

The Austrians offered desperate resistance to our attack on Bochnia, which we carried by assault. Here we took more than 2000 prisoners, ten guns, and a number of machine guns.

On the right bank of the Vistula the enemy is in disorderly retreat in the Cracow region and is being vigorously pursued by our troops.

The moral of our troops, seasoned by forty-five days of almost continuous fighting, is, according to the reports of the army commanders, of the highest order.

Trustworthy reports show that the Austrians have fixed wireless apparatus and anti-aircraft guns on the spire of the cathedral in the centre of Cracow.—P.A. War Special.

GERMAN STAFF ADMITS

FAR-REACHING EFFECTS OF POLAND BATTLES.

The German wireless war news issued from Berlin on Saturday night says:—

Operations in the Western theatre of war have almost been lost sight of during the past few days, in consequence of the importance of the conflict in Poland and Galicia, outcome of which is likely to have a far-reaching effect upon the entire situation.

FIVE ARMY CORPS IN THE TOILS.

VERY FEW WILL ESCAPE DISASTER.

Paris, Saturday.

A telegram from Petrograd received here states that the German losses are much more considerable than has, so far, been stated.

Three German army corps are surrounded in the region of Brezin-Strikof, and are being decimated by the Russian guns and mitrailleuses.

Two other army corps are attempting to break through north of Leczyca, but, according to information received in military circles, very few will escape disaster.

The vast majority will be killed or made prisoners. These German corps are under the command of General von Mackenzen.

HINDENBURG GETS PROMOTION

To Field-Marshal Rank.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to a telegram from Berlin, General von Hindenburg, the German commander of the Eastern front, has been promoted field-marshal.—Reuter.

ATTACKS REPULSED AND TRENCHES TAKEN,

REPORTED BY GERMAN STAFF.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The following official communique from the great Army Headquarters was published in Berlin this forenoon:—

In the Western theatre of war the situation is unchanged.

French attacks in the Argonne Forest have been repulsed.

In the forest north-west of Apremont and in Vosges we have occupied some French trenches after obstinate resistance.

Only unimportant engagements are reported from East Prussia. At Lowicz our troops have recommenced their attacks, and fighting continues.

Heavy Russian attacks in the district west of Novo Radomsk have been repulsed. In South Poland there is no change.

CONQUERING SLAVS

CHASE GERMANS FROM RUINED TOWN.

COOL AUSTRIAN PRISONERS.

The following communique, dated 7th Nov., has been received from Professor Pares, the authorised correspondent at Russian Headquarters:—

I left Warsaw on Nov. 2, and arrived at Random (60 miles to south-south-west). The town was held by the Germans for a month and four days. They made themselves objectionable to the inhabitants, taking all the supplies on which they could lay hands, but I came on no evidence of particular outrages.

At Szdlovieo, 17 miles south of Radom, I saw the first signs of devastation, but these were not the work of the advancing Russian artillery, but of German malice.

Town Hall Ruined.

The tower of the Town Hall was crumbled to ruins. Inside the beautiful painted inner roof is mutilated, but the monuments of the ancient Sozydloveecki family, and notably the graceful figure of a sleeping woman, have for the most part escaped. The floor was covered with rubbish, and the damage is estimated at a very high figure.

We came to the hills above Kelce. It was now clear what had happened. Troops of all kinds were streaming into the town, and all resistance was over.

On the main street we were stopped for a few moments by a general and his staff. At the chief hotel large parties of officers were sitting down to lunch.

Tramp of Armed Men.

All the streets were full of movement, but with no sign of any conflict or friction—horses dismounting messengers, soldiers eating, talking, or resting; the townspeople standing watching, satisfying the requirements or questions of the new comers, or joining in their talk. The strength of the Russian advance was everywhere before our eyes. The great stream was still flowing on. There were troops of all kinds.

We called to ask the names of each regiment, which they always gave in a kind of jovial chorus. There were food transports, field kitchens, pontoons, and, not least important, the post. At one point we saw a large body of Austrian prisoners sitting by a wood and drinking water with their very small escort. These men helped some of our motors over difficult places.

In Radom I found our Russian Orderly from Kostroma fraternising with the Polish servants, joining in their work, and singing their songs of the Volga. Told he was another Susanin who had led the foreigners into the marsh. We were soon on our way back to Warsaw.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER'S BRAVE DEED.

Petrograd, Saturday.

In the fighting which took place at the little town of Brzesko, on the Vistula, a Russian private named Onufrieff, captured single-handed a standard of the 31st Honved Regiment.—P.A. War Special.

PREPARING FOR INVASION.

Activity On the German Frontier.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

I learn from a trustworthy source that the Germans are displaying feverish haste in the construction of fortifications and trenches along both banks of the River Memel.

Tilsit is also being strongly fortified, whilst 150 heavy naval guns have been moved up to Dantzig.

Forty thousand troops have been sent from the occupied Belgian and French regions to Breslau, and seventy-five guns have been sent from Germany, via Prague to Cracow.

From these measures it may be evident that the Germans as well as the Austrians are apprehensive of a Russian invasion.

GERMAN BATTLESHIP AND CRUISER

Reported Sunk In Baltic.

Paris, Saturday.

A telegram to the Matin from Petrograd announces that a German cruiser, believed to be the Hertha, has sunk near Libau.

It is also stated, though confirmation is at present lacking, that the German battleship Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse, has been torpedoed in the Baltic and has sunk.

The Hertha was launched in 1897, and completed in 1898. She had a displacement of 5569 tons, and an indicated horse-power of 10,000. Her speed was 19 knots. Her armament consisted of six 5.9-inch guns.

The Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse was a battleship of 10,614 tons. She was completed in 1901, and her speed was 18 knots. Her armament consisted of fourteen 5.9-inch guns, and she had an indicated horse-power of 13,000.

"DON'T BE DOWNHEARTED,"

Is Message From Przemysl.

A Berlin telegram states that yesterday a message was received in Vienna by air post.

A carrier pigeon brought it from the fortress to the next field post office in Galicia.

The message runs:—"We are doing very well; don't be downhearted."

ITALIAN CRUISER FOR SYRIA.

Rome, Saturday.

It has been decided to send the Italian cruiser Calabria to the coast of Syria.

TRAIN SMASH NEAR EDINBURGH.

PASSENGERS INJURED IN COLLISION AT JUNCTION.

Niddrie, Saturday Night.

An alarming accident occurred on the North British railway system here this evening, when a passenger train came into collision with a light engine. Seven people were so seriously injured as to necessitate their removal to Edinburgh Infirmary.

The accident was at Niddrie North Junction, a few miles south of Edinburgh, and the train involved was the 6.10 p.m. passenger train from Gorebridge to Edinburgh.

Near a signal-box at Niddrie the train came into collision with a light engine. At the time the train was proceeding at a comparatively slow speed, but the force of the collision was such that the engine was overturned, while the carriages were damaged.

Passengers in the train were badly shaken by the impact, and naturally were greatly excited. When search was made it was found that the injuries of seven people were such that their removal to Edinburgh Infirmary was deemed advisable. Some of these were seriously hurt, but it is stated that none are dangerously injured.

The injured removed to the infirmary, it is reported, include the driver of the passenger train and the driver of the light engine.

The cause of the light engine being in the path of the passenger train is at present the subject if an inquiry by the railway officials.

CAMPSIE SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.

WAR OFFICE REPORTS HE FELL IN ACTION,

But Soldier Writes That He is Safe and Well.

About three weeks ago Mr Malcolm M'Lean, Mount of Glorad, Milton of Campsie, received official intimation from the War Office that his son, Private Robert M'Lean, of the Cameron Highlanders, had been killed in action.

About the same time, however, Mr M'Lean got a postcard from his son intimating that he was well.

Since then communications from Private M'Lean have come to hand, intimating that he was alive and well.

He had been through all the heavy engagements unscathed, being, in fact, one of the very few of the famous Cameron Highlanders who had not been injured.

He added that he was detached from his regiment, and was attached to the Headquarters' staff. The War Office have since been communicated with on the matter.

GAS MANAGER'S TRIAL

On Charge of Espionage.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Telegraaf learns from Rotterdam that the case of the German Director of the gasworks at Oude Tonge, who has been arrested on suspicion of espionage, will come up for trial next month behind closed doors.

"SIGNALLING FROM MOUNTAIN"

Is Charge Against Holyhead Resident.

Holyhead, Saturday.

Mr Thomas Marshall, a well-known Holyhead resident, was to-day charged with signalling with a Morse code to a passing ship from the Holyhead mountain.

It was stated that his action was observed by a sentry of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

The Justices remanded the case for a week, and allowed bail in £600.

AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS LEARN OF COUNTRY'S DESPERATE POSITION,

And Are No Longer Hoodwinked.

Cettigne, Saturday.

The following official statement is issued:—

The Austrians, to the number of some 10,000, have been making desperate attacks the last four days on the Montenegrin Army defending the positions near Vichegrade.

The Montonegrins repulsed during the days of the 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th November Austrian attacks with considerable losses for the enemy, who at certain points fled, leaving many prisoners.

These declare the whole Austrian Army is aware the situation in which the Oual Monarchy finds itself is desperate, and it is no longer possible to deceive even the most ignorant Austrian soldiers by issuing false news from official sources regarding the so-called victories of the Austrian Army.

Prisoners say their army is demoralised. General Patiorick has issued several times an army order of day affirming the Austrians since August have been in occupation of Cettigne and Belgrade.—P.A. War Special.

GERMANS SUFFER HEAVY LOSSES.

ARTILLERY BATTLES IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

INFANTRY ATTACK NEAR YPRES REPULSED.

Paris, Saturday.

The following official communique was issued here this evening:—

In Belgium the artillery actions were continued during the 27th without particular incidents.

The German heavy artillery is showing activity.

Only one infantry attack has taken place south of Ypres, and this our troops repulsed.

Towards evening our artillery brought down a German biplane, occupied by three aviators. One was killed, and the others were taken prisoners.

In the Arras region and further to the south there has been no change. The day has been very quiet.

In the region of the Aisne, in Champagne, our heavy artillery has inflicted on the enemy's artillery somewhat serious losses.

From the Argonne to the Vosges there is nothing to report.—P.A. War Special.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The following communique was issued at 10.40 to-night:—

To-day was similar to the preceding day. There is nothing to report.—Reuter.

VIOLENT FIGHTING RECOMMENCES.

FLEET BOMBARDS ENEMY.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Telegraaf learns from Sluis that violent fighting has recommenced on the front. The guns have been thundering since morning.

Last night numerous German troops arrived at Bruges. Their destination is unknown.

Blankenderghe, Heyst, Knocke, and several other villages have been garrisoned by Germans.

Last night several mines which had been thrown ashore during the storm exploded.

The war tax imposed on Roulers has already reached 700,000 francs.

Many houses are filled with Germans

A wounded German airman reported he had dropped bombs on Poperinghe.

This afternoon a British aeroplane reconnoitred the northern coast region.

There is an unconfirmed rumour that the Germans have retired from Morslede to Roulers owing to the rebuffs at Ypres and on the Yser.

Trenches have been dug at Hooglede, Roulers, and Courtrai.

Considerable excitement has been created at Dunkerque by German aeroplanes flying over the town dropping bombs. One man was hit, and many walls and thousands of windows smashed. The date of this feat is not stated.

Entrance to the port is prohibited to all having no business there, owing to the spy danger. Last week a woman was arrested disguised as a man.

Some spies wear the British officer's uniform, because the French can easily distinguish the German accent in French, but have more difficulty in recognising the German accent in English.

According to a telegram from Oostburg to the Nieuwe Rotterdamsch Courant, violent gun firing was again audible in a south-westerly direction yesterday.

To judge from the sound, the British Fleet was participating in bombardment.—P.A. War Special.

TURCOS RUSH GERMAN TRENCHES.

Paris, Saturday.

During an attack on the village of Ramscapelle, the Turcos executed a wonderful feat.

On the outskirts of the village the Germans were attacked by a battalion of chasseurs of the line and a battalion of Algerian sharpshooters and Zouaves.

They were compelled to retreat. The Turcos went after them as far as the trenches, close to where they advanced. Noiselessly clambering over them with bayonets fixed, the Turcos hurled themselves on the enemy, who, surprised at the sudden appearance of these fighting devils, collapsed without thought of defence.

From a mill close by German mitrailleuses poured in a hail of projectiles on our troops. The Turcos, who were right in the line of fire, proposed to remove the guns. How they ever managed to reach the foot of the mill it is impossible to explain, but it is certain the enemy's gunners found themselves whirled on to a stairway leading to a redoubt, and where the Turcos were waiting. The Turcos were on them in a flash. Not a single German came out alive, and the Turcos had carwhere the Turcos were waiting.

GERMANS SURRENDER TO ESCAPE PRIVATIONS,

And Are Handed Over to British.

Paris, Saturday.

A non-commissioned officer of Dragoons relates how, when reconnoitring in a wood to the east of Ypres with a small patrol, he met a German officer, who intimated by signs that he wished to surrender, together with a brother officer and 800 men.

The wood having been surrounded by cyclists, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, forty German officers then came out, threw down their arms, and lined up ready to be led away. They were all starved and shivering with cold, and thankful to escape the privations they had endured since being ordered some days ago to take possession of a wood, where they had vainly awaited the arrival of provisions from the main army.

So desperate was their situation that they had been reduced to the necessity of chewing leaves, and eagerly they seized the opportunity of the arrival of the French cavalrymen to surrender.

The capture having been effected in the zone where the British Army was operating, the prisoners were handed over to the British authorities.—P.A. War Special.

GERMANS 90,000 LOSSES.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Belgian non-commissioned officer has sent to his family in Kempen a letter from the Yser, which is partly published in the Telegraaf.

"Do not be worried," he writes. "I am not in distress. It is cold and wet, but I am getting used to it. Hundreds and hundreds of Germans have been killed here, and still more will fall, but Belgium will triumph. Since the fall of Antwerp we have fought daily, with only an occasional day's rest.

"Along the Yser and in West Flanders we have been fighting now for one month, and the Germans had at least 90,000 losses. The corpses are floating in great numbers on the water, which at some places is a dark brown colour from the blood.

"I have already killed many Germans, and our Eleventh Regiment is famous. Our regiment and the Twelfth are the only regiments opposing the enemy in Belgium. We have sufficient bread, and receive every day meat, soup, and potatoes."—Reuter.

GERMAN PRINCE IN HOSPITAL.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to the Berlin papers Prince Stephen of Schaumberg Lippe is in hospital at Ghent, suffering from inflammation of the lungs.—P.A. War Special.

GERMANS TO COUNT THE HERDS.

Census of all Cattle in the Empire.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A telegram from Berlin announces the arrival in the capital from the chief army headquarters of the Imperial Chancellor, Dr Von Bethmann Hollweg.

On the first December a census will be taken of cattle in the German Empire, including horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and goats.

GERMAN MINERS BEING CALLED UP.

Kaiser's Straits to Reinforce Ranks.

Rotterdam, Saturday.

As during the last few days no coal has been coming into Holland from Germany, it is believed the German Government is now calling to the colours miners and other workers who have hitherto been exempted from service.

"EASY TO CROSS THE CHANNEL."

GERMAN IDEAS ABOUT GREAT INVASION.

A lady who has just reached her Hampshire home from Germany, in an interview, declared that the German public were still being deluded as to the real state of affairs. They believe that the Germans have practically smashed the British Navy, and that it is quite an easy matter for them to cross the Channel.

They quite expected to conquer Britain by Christmas, as they have faith in their Zeppelins, which they believe will be the chief instrument in defeating this country.

When she left Germany a few days ago the last of the Landsturm were being called up. All men between the ages of 17 and 55 had to report themselves to the military authorities by December 1, and after six or eight weeks' training they will be sent to the front. A great deal of unemployment, she says, exists in Germany at present.

Food is by no means plentiful, and such things as tea, coffee, rice, and beans which come from foreign sources are both scarce and dear. There is also a serious shortage of petroleum and rubber. All the hospitals are filled with wounded.

"IF THE GERMANS DO COME."

Ready for Them on East Coast.

Newcastle, Saturday.

Sir Walter Runciman, M.P., speaking at Newcastle to-day, said he had been surprised that even some nautical men had shared the view that there might be a German raid on our coasts. He did not believe there would be any raid.

If the Germans did come they would find we had a well-equipped army ready for them. Furthermore, the elements were in our favour, as a calm sea at this season often changed quickly to storm.

TRAWLER SUSPECTED AS MINE-LAYER

IN NORTH OF IRELAND WATERS.

Fleetwood, Saturday Night.

The Norwegian steam fishing trawler Nestor was brought into Fleetwood this afternoon under armed naval escort.

The vessel is alleged, along with other trawlers flying neutral flags, to have been engaged laying mines off the north of Ireland.

The trawler has been docked, and her crew, along with the crew of the Danish trawler King Frederick III., detained at Fleetwood earlier in the week, has been placed under an armed guard.

The arrest of the vessel caused a sensation in the port, she having made her headquarters in Fleetwood.—(Passed by censor.)

MANY SCOTTISH SOLDIERS

FIGURE IN LATEST CASUALTY LIST.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

The casualties in the Expeditionary Force reported from General Headquarters under date 25th Nov. include the following:—

Officer Killed.

Gilkinson, Lt. J. D., Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Officers Wounded.

Compton, Sec.-Lt. E. R. F., Royal Scots Greys.

Gerrard, Lt. J. M., H.L.I.

Officer Missing.

Moubray, Capt. P. L., Black Watch.

The following casualties amongst N.C.O.'s and men of the Expeditionary Force are reported from the base under date 24th Oct.:—

Included are:—

Died of Wounds.

Dennis, 7045, Pte. R., Scots Guards.

Wounded.

Carlton, 5223, Pte. W., Cameron Highlanders.
Eddison, 9446, Pte. J., H.L.I.
Flood, 6000, Pte. J., Argyll and Sutherland.
Gilmore, 105, Corp. C., Argyll and Sutherland.
Graham, 8416, Pte. A., Cameron Highlanders.
M'Cafferty, 12223, Pte. J., H.L.I.

The following wounded warrant officers, N.C.O.'s, and men not previously announced as wounded are reported as having been admitted to home hospitals:—

Military Hospital, Colchester, under date 25th Oct.:—

Auchinochis, 1347, Lance-Corp. J., Gordon Highlanders.
Bell, 1195, Pte. R. Kingston, Scottish Borderers.
Donald, 8588, Pte. C., H.L.I.
M'Nabb, 6632, Pte P., Argyll and Sutherland.

Glasgow Royal Infirmary, under date 27th October:—

Adcock, 11145, Corp. A., K.O. Scottish Borderers.
M'Callum, 5867, Pte. W., Cameron Highlanders.
M'Nicoll, 1383, Pte. T., Gordon Highlanders.
Paterson, 6696, Pte. A., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Renton, 8713, Pte. W., Royal Scots Greys.
Whittaker, 7326, Serg. J., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.

Military hospital, Gidworth, under date 27th Oct.:—

Banbury, 9940, Lance-Corp. E., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Booth, 8314, Pte. J., K.O.S.B.
Carney, 7969, Pte. P., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Collins, 10873, Pte. M., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Hanns, 8542, Pte. J., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Hillan, 5292, Pte. W., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Hooks, 8459, Pte. S., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Hughes, 7223, Pte. P., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Jay, 6575, Sergt. W., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Mason, 10258, Pte. J., Gordon Highlanders.
Murphy, 11522, Pte. J., K.O.S.B.
Page, 8018, Pte. A., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.

Third Western General Hospital, Cardiff, under date 26th Oct.:—

Bryce, 5016, Pte. J., K.O.S.B.
Bunting, 5437, Pte. R., Argyll and Sutherland.
Currigan, 8384, Pte. H., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Gillespie, 11207, Pte. M., K.O.S.B.
Macfarlane, 6282, Pte. A., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Mackay, 5985, Pte. D., K.O.S.B.
Moan, 7678, Pte. J., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Mullan, 11003, Corp. J., K.O.S.B.

TIME FOR PAYMENT OF FINES.

Criminal Justice Administration Act.

Amongst the measures which received the Royal Assent on the 27th inst. is the Criminal Justice Administration (Postponement) Act, 1914.

The effect of this Act so far as Scotland is concerned is to postpone till 1st April, 1915, the operation of all the provisions of the Criminal Justice Administration Act, 1914, except those contained in sub-section 2 of section forty-two, which provide for the allowance of time for payment of fines.

This sub-section accordingly becomes operative on 1st December, 1914.

BELGIANS ILL-TREATED.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Maasbode learns from Güneken that the Silesian troops who have been guarding the frontier have now been replaced by Bavarian troops.

The change was ordered by the Commander at Turnhout, as the officers of the frontier guard ill-treated the Belgians.

RUSSIAN OCCUPATION OF CZERNOWITZ.

Petrograd, Saturday.

A telegram from Bucharest states that according to news from Mamoritza, on Roumanian border, not far from Czernowitz the Austrian troops yesterday, after a fierce bombardment and assaults by the Russian troops, hastily abandoned Czernowitz, and fled in disorder towards Dornavatra, pursued by the Russian troops.

The Russian advance-guards entered Czernowitz at two o'clock in the afternoon and were received with great enthusiasm by the Roumanian and Ruthenian populace.—Reuter.

BALTIC CABLES CUT.

Copenhagen, Saturday.

The telegraph cables between Frederica, Denmark, and Libau, and Frederica and Petrograd, which are the only direct cables between Denmark and Russia, have been cut, it is supposed, by German warships.—C.N.

APPLEGARTH'S GREAT WIN

In Match With Jack Donaldson.

Manchester, Saturday.

Two thousand people saw a great struggle between Jack Donaldson and W. R. Applegarth for the worlds' sprint championship on Broughton Rangers' Footall Ground, Manchester, this afternoon. The track was on the heavy side, but both men ran splendidly. The Australian won the toss, and both men rose to a beautiful start.

Applegarth took the lead in the first twenty yards, but Donaldson closed the gap. Applegarth, however, held on, to win by six inches. Time, a yard inside evens.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

PRINCE'S INTEREST IN THE HIGHLANDERS.

AUCHMITHIE HERO.

TWICE WOUNDED AND NEVER SAW GERMANS.

London, Saturday Midnight.

If by chance a German aviator had passed over the City he would have been able to have reported to the Wolff Agency that London was almost deserted, and what citizens were left were hiding under the awnings and in the doorways.

For the first time since ever I can remember I saw Fleet Street without a vehicle in it, and as the rain swept down and flooded the gutters one had distant thoughts of a hostile submarine stealing up unseen to release a torpedo at the Admiralty.

Rainstorm prevailed all over the home counties, and the lot of the men under canvas or the others on picket duty was a most unenviable one.

Towards evening the storm increased in violence, driving soldiers and sailors on leave to the theatres and picture palaces.

On such a night, when our service men from distant counties have nowhere else to spend their leave but dark, depressing London, one begins to see the wisdom of the people who kept their heads and stood out against the shutting up of our places of amusement.

Prince of Wales and the Kilties.

The Press Censor so far has allowed us to get very few particulars of the work of the Prince of Wales at the front. Authentic details are hard to get, but I have it on the best authority that His Royal Highness is highly gratified that he is now in a position to share the work and the dangers of his fellow-countrymen in the field of battle. Those who have met the Prince declare that he has the grit of the bulldog breed in him, and that he shows fair to mingle the diplomacy of the late King Edward with the firmness and practical qualities of King George and his Royal Consort. The Prince, I am told by one who has seen him recently, is looking fit and well, and taking active interest in the welfare of the men of the regiments who are in the thick of it.

His Royal Highness evidently has a leaning towards the Celtic strain in his composition. He has had several meetings with the officers of our Highland regiments, and shown a real regard and deed that he is deeply interested in the splendid work they have accomplished for the honour of the land that bred them. When next the Highlanders' pibrochs sound and glittering bayonets are bared more than one Scot will bound into battle inspired by the words his future King has spoken to them.

The Man From Musselcrag.

Speaking of Scottish heroes, I paid a visit to the London hospital to have a chat with Private Jarvis, only to find that the rush to do him honour had been so great that he had been forced to close the door of his ward against all admirers.

Visitors to Auchmithie, the quaint home of the Mucklebackets, described by Sir Walter Scott, have all seen the tiny white cottage perched on the top of the cliff, in which the coastguard officers look out to sea. Here it was that the hero was reared, and in days to come he will share the honour, with Scott Burns, of having his haunts pointed out to the holiday-maker. After leaving Auchmithie, Private Jarvis settled with his people in Tarnoustie, where he has many friends.

He will doubtless have an opportunity of seeing him soon, as he will be leaving the hospital in the course of a day or two. But from what I hear they are not likely to learn anything from him about the deeds which won him our most coveted decoration. Like most valorous men, our hero is a modest man.

A Belgian Hero's Record.

Some of the men who have suffered most have least to tell one about the war, and modesty is not always the reason. A week or two after the commencement of hostilities I met a wounded Belgian, who told me, with a smile, that he had never seen a German soldier. He had been marched out to the trenches at Liege and wounded with shrapnel fired from the German guns many miles away. There would not be much in this story did it end here. But the fact is that the soldier who left England a month or less ago to fight the Germans is back in this country once more to be cured of his wounds. He was struck down almost in his first engagement, and the only Germans he has seen have been prisoners taken by the Allies.

The opposite case to my friend is that of a French soldier, who was in the trenches somewhere in the neighbourhood of Ostend. The trenches of the opposing forces were so close that when the men got tired blazing away at one another they put down their arms and threw stones. What is more, they enjoyed the sport of the thing, and got so excited at times as to expose themselves to great danger from someone disinclined to play the game and eager to use the rifle. In other parts, the Tommies have been amusing themselves signalling a bit or a mass to the trenches of the Boches by waving their spades in the air.

Jack Tar's Baby Girl.

When one listens to the stories told about the brutalities which have been perpetrated on children and then watches the Belgian soldiers fondling the babies of London mothers one realises that it is the heart that makes for right or wrong. I saw a tiny tot of a girl some seven months old being crushed to the breast of a big soldier as he lay in bed in the hospital till the anxious mother began to tremble for the safety of her darling.

A poignant grief of the picture would have been all the more apparent could they have heard that the weeping soldier was whispering to the little one between his kisses that he had just such another baby somewhere in Belgium, a ruined town in desolate Belgium, while the other of the baby he now held in his arms had gone down with the Aboukir, had been rescued, and was now somewhere on the waters of the North Sea keeping watch and ward for the safety of his country.

A German and a Man.

Not all the German officers in the field possess the heart of the Hun is evidenced by the letter from a member of the London staff of the "Sunday Post" from the front. One of them, who captured a handful of Inniskillings, treated them with the utmost courtesy, and discussed matters freely with them. He gave it as his opinion that the British infantryman was marvellously trained both in the use of ground and rifle, and said that but for our intervention Paris would have fallen long ago.

The acme of kindness, however, was to put the Inniskillings in the basement of a house when our own guns were shelling the town, and the men, when released afterwards by their comrades, spoke in glowing terms of his many kindnesses. Unfortunately such examples as this particular officer are few. The German military training kills all the humanity that is born in the men of the Fatherland.

SANTA CLAUS SHIP SAILS

To Give Toys To Our Allies' Youngsters.

Plymouth, Saturday.

The coasting collier Jason, the Santa Claus ship, has arrived at Plymouth on Wednesday with warm clothing and toys from the children of the United States for the children of soldiers and sailors of the belligerent nations in Europe, sailed this afternoon for Marseilles. The gifts to the French children will be landed.

The unloading of several hundreds of tons of clothing and toys for British and Belgian children was completed at Plymouth this morning.

The Port Admiral went on board to take leave of Lieutenant-Commander Courtney and the officers, and the Jason on leaving the dockyard was loudly cheered.

DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

HEROISM OF BELGIAN VOLUNTEERS.

A TELEPHONE TRAGEDY.

The first person I met in the restaurant was my friend Bandouin, who had volunteered at Brussels in the beginning of the war.

We were agreeably surprised to meet again. After shaking hands and expressing our mutual congratulations we selected a quiet corner to be able to talk at our ease. Naturally the all-absorbing topic was the war.

"Now, Bandouin, from your appearance I am sure you must have had a trying time since you joined the army."

"Yes, I feel no more the same, but how could it be otherwise after what I passed through at the bombardment of Fort Waelhem? It was there that I saw the pangs of death in its most terrible form, and now the memories of it haunt me like a nightmare. I will tell you how it all happened.

"In the morning the commander of the fort came up to ask for volunteers to undertake a perilous mission. The fort was deprived of communication with the outside, and it had become impossible to locate the position of the enemy's guns that were bombarding it.

Call For Volunteers.

"The commander asked for volunteers to find some elevated place from which the position of the German batteries could be located, as for the moment we were firing blindly. The commander continued, 'I would like you to fix a telephone to enable me to communicate with you.'

"At the same time he pointed out a steeple of a church in a little hamlet near by that would afford an excellent position for observation. It was necessary to have ten men for this mission, and at once volunteers came forward. I put myself at their head, and we left, carrying the necessary material for the telephone.

"Before leaving I shook hands with some of my comrades that were to remain in the fort. I felt as if I would never see them again.

"The German firing was terrible, and swept everything before it, the shells raining around about us, the heavens ringing with the formidable detonations. At all points of the horizon clouds of smoke mounted up, and the last walls standing in the line of fire gradually fell. The ground was ploughed up and thrown to immense heights in the air with a force unheard of by the shells.

"More than one of us felt much affected by the sense of complete isolation from all protection under the fire of an invisible enemy, unable to defend ourselves or foresee where the shots were fired from. What a terrible position, death lurking on all sides!

A Mournful Scene.

"Through this hell of fire we made our way to the church. We had unrolled the telephone wire as we went along, and at last got it into the church. It was a little church of a poor village. No noble had endowed it with stained windows representing the life of Christ and the Apostles. The altar was stripped of its sacred ornaments, which had been taken to a place of safety. Everything around that might tempt the vandalism of the Germans had been removed. All that remained to remind one of the sacred character of the building was the figure of Christ fixed under the pointed arch. It was modelled in plaster and painted life-like, with the thin arms outstretched and drooping head with mournful look—all gave the impression of desolation.

"Instinctively we all looked at the sacred figure, the blood that flowed from his hands and feet, and the wound of the lance of the centurian. Our religious feelings were awakened, and we bowed before the sacred image.

Terrible Suspense.

"A sentinel was left behind, and we mounted to the belfry. We were admirably placed, and we could see the movements of the enemy. When the telephone was arranged, I asked for the commander, who gave instructions about two important points from which the enemy was firing incessantly. We were able to locate the battery, and informed the commander. The fort then rectified its shooting. The time passed, and I telephoned again.

"'Is it going well, commander?' 'No, it is going on all wrong, Bandouin. A 42-cm. shell has struck the cupola, causing terrible disaster; many of the men are injured and several killed.'

"The conversation was suddenly interrupted, and it was some time before I heard again. In the meantime the suspense was terrible. We could see that the fort was bombarded on all sides by the terrible German artillery, and it was difficult with that awful din to hear. 'Allo! 'Allo! Commander! A new battery has just been placed within your range. 'Allo! 'Allo!'

"'I do not understand you,' shouted a voice, mixed with a terrible noise. 'A new battery,' I cried again. ''Allo! Do you understand?' 'It is impossible to do anything——' ''Allo! 'Allo! Commander!' 'Give me the position towards the south. Try something——'

"Now we could make it out, and I informed the commander, which enabled him to cripple a battery. 'It goes better now,' I told my comrades. 'Our effort has been of some use.'

Germans Fire on Belfry.

"We continued to make observations. From time to time I telephoned. ''Allo! 'Allo!' I heard dull sounds in the apparatus. ''Allo! 'Allo! Waelhem commander!' A voice answered in monosyllables. 'Is it—you—Bandouin?' 'Yes; is it you, commander?' 'No, I am not the commander—I am Dolfus.' 'Ah, it is you, my good old friend. How does it go?' 'Do you still hold on?' 'I don't know. I am wounded—piece of shell—jaw.'

"The voice was drowned in a long rattle. I was terrified, and put up the telephone. Suddenly a strange effect was produced; the German fire changed places, and seemed to be coming in our direction. One shell landed a few yards from the village church, a second came quite close past the belfry. A long, loud, whistling noise broke in the air, and with a terrible detonation shook the steeple. It had struck quite close, throwing up the earth and stones around us.

"'Bandouin, look out there above; we are discovered!' One of our men had come up the long ladder leading to the belfry. He was as white as death, and in a muffled voice said—'Is that you, Dumont? Our sentinel that we placed before the door?' 'Yes, what about him?' 'He has been smashed to pieces by a shell. Oh! it is horrible!'

Discovered.

"The Germans had discovered us, and were bombarding our steeple. A shot passed whistling through the air, and burst in a field where a horse was, enveloping it in dust and smoke. When the smoke passed away there was no sign of the horse. It had been blown to atoms!

"'Get away now,' I said to my men. 'I will stop alone at the telephone, and take the orders!' I remained alone at the telephone, and tried to communicate — ''Allo! 'Allo! Commander! 'Allo!' 'What is it, Bandouin?' 'We are discovered; they are firing upon us.' ''Allo! Bandouin, the firing is terrible; the electric machine is demolished! There is nothing more to do.' 'You still hold on!' 'The passages are full of wounded, and here it is suffocating with burnt powder and gas!'

"Of a sudden dull sounds were heard in the telephone, sounding as if the ground was shaking. All at once a shell burst a few yards from the steeple, smashing part of the church, and surrounded me with debris. 'This time they have hit the steeple,' I shouted in the telephone. Another blow shook the apparatus, and now all was over.

"It was impossible to hold the position longer. Shells were now falling all around us, and we made a rush to try to find shelter (says the l'Independance Belge). Four of us were mowed down, fine young fellows full of health and vigour—brave heros had died for their country."

TAFT AND INVASION OF CANADA.

New York, Saturday.

Ex-President Taft at New Jersey declared that the landing of troops in Canada by enemies of Great Britain would not constitute a violation of the Monroe Doctrine, but an effort to establish a new form of Government there would. If the Germans were victors, however, the United States Government could not object to the Germans exacting an indemnity from Canada.—P.A. War Special.

THE FIGHTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

RUSE TO GET LOYALIST FORCES

TO FIRE ON EACH OTHER.

Johannesburg, Friday.

Picturesque accounts of the fighting in Mushroom Valley on 12th November are coming to hand.

On that occasion General De Wet with his main forces opposed General Botha and the Free State Commander, Col. Brand.

The Union forces were ordered to charge, which they did at full speed over the flat country.

The charge, however, was not highly romantic, being continually interrupted by barbed wire fences, but it was eventually driven home.

Immediately prior to this an attempt had been made to get the Government forces to fire on each other.

A tall, burly man, dressed in the same military uniform, rode up to Col. Brand's commando, gesticulating wildly and violently brandishing a Mauser pistol.

He pointed at General Botha's commando, which was approaching to join up with Col. Brand.

General Botha's men have a white arm-band as a distinguishing mark. The tall man said they were rebels, and urged Col. Brand to open fire.

As the commando closed in one of Brand's men recognised an old friend amongst the newcomers, and shouted—"Hullo, what are you doing here?"

The answer was—"I am with Botha; with whom are you?"

That threw a light on the matter. The intention of the tall stranger became clear.

The latter gave some command to Brand's men, but a revolver shot rang out, and the tall man fell, pierced through the breast.

It transpired that he was Van Nickerk, a rebel leader, whose desperate ruse might have resulted in terrible consequences, as the commandoes were within a few yards of each other.—P.A. Foreign Special.

TOWN SURRENDERS,

AND REBELS LOOT STORES.

Bloemfontein, Saturday.

Accounts have been received of the occupation of Winburg by the rebels on 9th November and the following days, and of the behaviour of De Wet and his followers, to whom being undefended, the town surrendered without a shot being fired.

Owing to the looting of the stores and the commandeering of food stuffs by the rebels, the townspeople were in danger of starving, and appealed to the rebels to leave them some food.

The reply of the rebels' general, Nicholas Serfontein and Commander De Villiers, was that their good friends in the town would not starve, but that others who treated them badly (meaning the Loyalists) must look after themselves.

De Wet arrived later, and proceeded to the store of Wright Bros., Mr Wright being the Mayor of Winburg. Here De Wet demanded petrol.

On the assistant saying there was none De Wet became furious, struck the assistant in the eye, knocked him about, and threatened to shoot him.

De Wet then threatened to burn down the store, and was actually preparing to do so when one of the local rebels intervened, pointing out that the assistant had merely spoken the truth. Thereupon De Wet contented himself with commandeering all the tobacco and riding breeches in the store.

De Wet afterwards sent for the Mayor, upon whose arrival De Wet became furious. He declared that the people of Winburg had killed his son, who was shot in the Doornberg fight, proceeding desperately to assault the Mayor.

After this the Wrights' store was invaded by hundreds of rebels, and practically cleared out, all receipts for the commandeered goods previously given being destroyed.

The rebels also loaded up five waggons and two Cape carts with loot, and then smashed up the premises.

General Botha's entry relieving the town was greeted with cheer after cheer from the British loyalists.—P.A. War Special.

Given Free

MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PICTORIAL

CALENDAR FOR 1915.

The above is a reduced fac-simile of the beautiful calendar.

WITH THIS WEEK'S

SATURDAY POST

BIRTHDAY NUMBER

Out on Thursday - - 1p

TATTOO MARKS ARE ONLY MEANS

BY WHICH BODIES OF VICTIMS

OF BULWARK DISASTER CAN BE IDENTIFIED.

The inquest on twenty-eight of the victims of the explosion on H.M.S. Bulwark, including Captain Sclater, chief officer of the ill-fated vessel, was held at Chatham yesterday. There were originally fourteen survivors, but two of these died during the night.

The only method of identification in some instances was by articles deceased had in their possession at the time of the disaster. The Admiralty was represented, and several officials in uniform were present during the inquiry.

According to the Coroner, the facts were perfectly undecided, and all they knew was that a terrible explosion took place on board the ship. The Court of Inquiry was sitting at the instance of the Admiralty, and it would be necessary to adjourn the inquest from time to time until they could have the benefit of the results of that investigation.

After expressions of condolence with the relatives of the victims, evidence of identification was given by William Frederic Cooper, the leading cook's mate on board the Bulwark.

Witness who looked ill, said he left the ship three days before she went down. He was invalided from the Bulwark, and was in hospital at the time of the disaster. Altogether witness identified fourteen men. There were sixteen he could not identify.

A chief surgeon at the naval hospital, Chatham, gave evidence as to the deaths of five men. They were conscious when admitted, but were not able to give any account of what happened.

Difficulty of Identification.

Joseph Kelly, mortuary keeper at the hospital, gave a list of the bodies which could not be identified owing to the terrible manner in which they had been disfigured. Tattoo marks, he said, were the only means by which it would be possible to identify them.

A body which it was impossible to identify was that of a young boy.

On the right arm of a man with a black beard was inscribed, "In memory of my mother," and round the neck of another body there was a necklace.

One victim's head was completely blown off. The naval staff surgeon (recalled) said the cause of death in all cases was burns. Most of the survivors at the hospital were at present doing well.

It was then decided the inquiry should be adjourned to 16th December.

FIVE WOMEN COURT-MARTIALLED.

Breach of Defences of Realm Act.

Cardiff, Saturday.

Five women were Court-Martialled at Cardiff to-day by the military authorities under a new order issued by Colonel East, Commander of the Severn Defence, which prohibited women of a certain class in the city to be out of doors between the hours of 7 p.m. and 6 a.m.

Colonel East had recently issued an order under the Defence of the Realm Act, 1914, prohibiting women being on licensed premises between the hours of 7 p.m. and 6 a.m. Officers, who served notices on the accused, stated that the order was explained to those who could not read.

All the prisoners pleaded guilty, but offered excuses for the offences.

The President informed the accused that under the Defence of the Realm Act they were liable to punishment not exceeding three months' imprisonment.

The sentence of the Court will be forwarded to the commanding officer of the district and will be promulgated as soon as possible. Meanwhile the accused will remain in custody.

Mr Albert Smith, Labour M.P. for the Clitheroe Division, who was formerly a non-commissioned officer, has received a commission in the new army.

The fees of the jockeys at Newmarket on Cambridgeshire Day amounted to £307. The sum was handed over to the West Suffolk War Relief Committee.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

Every Bavarian soldier in the field is to be henceforth supplied by the War Department with one cigar and two cigarettes daily.

The new army has been increased by 35,000, being the number of coalminers from the County of Durham who have enlisted.

£1000 has been offered by the Germans for the capture, dead or alive, of Commander Samson, of the Royal Naval Flying Squadron.

Sergeant Walter Inskip, of the 14th Hussars, now at the front, has been promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant. Inskip was a reservist.

UNIVERSITY'S WAR LOSS.—It is estimated that during the current year the University of London will lose £15,000 in students' fees and £5000 in examination fees.

The Lord Mayor of Manchester has been authorised to form a battalion of men between 5 ft. and 5 ft. 3 ins. in height; 1208 recruits have already sent in their names.

The reluctance of young women to permit their sweethearts to risk active service, says a recruiting officer in Manchester, is the greatest obstacle to local recruiting.

Some of the Belgian refugees in Ripon are busily engaged in the manufacture of toys, in the design of which they manifest remarkable ingenuity.

A committee of Parisians has been formed to receive popular penny subscriptions for the purpose of presenting King Albert with a sword of honour.

A German soldier taken prisoner at Sas van Ghent, on the Dutch frontier, after the last battle on the Dixmuide stated that of the 3304 who composed his regiment fewer than 100 survived the final attack by the Allies.

Judging by the number displayed, the popular toys of the coming Christmas season are Red Cross Waggons and Red Cross dolls, airships, Dreadnoughts, submarines, and ocean liners laden with khaki-clad soldiers.

In a recent "funeral" in Brussels, the coffin was filled with the Mauser rifles of members of the Civil Guard which the patriotic Belgians buried near the churchyard to prevent them from falling into German hands.

An old seal used by the French authorities previous to 1870 has been recovered by the recapture of the village of Thann, in Alsace, by the French, and it has again come into use for stamping official documents.

In a letter to his wife, an employee of a large Parisian shop, who is now imprisoned in Germany, wrote the following postscript:—"I will bring you back William's head." The authorities, however, added another postscript, which was, "The writer will not bring back William's head; nor his own either."

APPEALING EYES.—"This is our twenty-eighth day of fighting. It is a pitiable sight to see the people leaving their homes, looking at us with eyes which seem to say, 'Why don't you stop this?' I have always to look away, for I cannot stand it."—Corporal Brooks.

A few days ago Dr Viala was operating on Julien Ricou, of the 3rd Zouaves, at the military hospital at Rambouillet. Ricou had been wounded in the thigh by a bursting shell, and at the moment when the doctor was using the knife, and causing such agony that even the nurses were moved, the patient began to sing the "Marseillaise."

NO MORE GERMAN RADISH.—During the coming of Christmas the roast beef of Old England will be eaten without its accustomed accompaniment of German horseradish. The war has revealed the fact that for many years practically all the horseradish that garnished the traditional British dinner joint was grown on the banks of the River Elbe, and was shipped to this country from Hamburg.

Mr Milan Vappa, a Belgrade merchant, has presented his betrothed, Miss Militsa Kralievitch, with 500 warm waistcoats for the soldiers defending the capital instead of the customary jewel ornaments. The bride has given a packet of tobacco and a cigarette-holder to every man of the regiment in which Mr Vappa is a reserve officer.

Maximilien Fursten, the well-known German writer, frankly admits, in the New York Sun, that "to us Germans war is still war; not a game played by nice international rules. But sure and sword, battle and murder and rape. The country that our armies fight over will not defy us again, and we shall, I hope, in a few months prove to the world the effectiveness of our system."

SERVICE OF DOCTORS.—A tribute to the self-sacrifice of doctors during the war was paid by Sir Donald Macalister, in his presidential address at the meeting of the General Medical Council. He said that multitudes of medical men had nobly offered themselves for service with the troops at home and abroad, and many had already laid down their lives. The toll of war was not complete. They must face the certainty that ere long the ranks of the profession would be sadly depleted.

BLINDED BY "JACK JOHNSON." — Passing through the famous charge of the London Scottish unscathed, Private John Hale, of Mitcham, had a terrible experience and a marvellous escape from death soon afterwards. He was in the trenches when a "Jack Johnson" exploded, and, as a result, he was struck blind. Soon afterwards he was struck by a piece of shrapnel on the left breast, but in his pocket he carried a small metal cigarette-case, which no doubt saved his life. Since his return to England he has recovered the sight of one eye.

CROWN PRINCE'S "HUMOUR."—The Crown Prince was operating on the Meuse, and had decided to put up for the night in the Mairie of a little town. There was a little slip of a girl inside the hall when he entered, and the Prince stopped a moment to caress her. "And what is your father doing?" he asked. "Father is fighting at Verdun, sir," she replied. "Then he's dead," blurted out the Prince with a snigger, "for we have killed every French soldier that was at Verdun." The poor child burst into a fit of sobbing, and—surprised—the Prince passed on to his quarters.

"WE'LL LOOK AFTER 'EM.—The other morning at a London station a troop train was leaving for the front. The forepart of the train was occupied by men of a popular Territorial battalion. The platform around their carriages was crowded with cheering and weeping sweethearts and relatives. In the rear of the train was a detachment of regulars. Nobody was there to bid them goodbye; their farewells had been made at the barrack gates a long time before. Then the train started amid cheers and tears for the gallant "Terriers." And as the last carriages passed the waving throng, from the ranks of the burly regular "Tommies" that crammed the windows there came a cheery voice addressing the waving throng: "Don't you worry," it said. "We'll look after 'em."

MAXIMUM PENALTY INFLICTED

ON FINANCIER FOR FALSE STATEMENTS

Regarding Man Granted Commission in Army.

At Bow Street yesterday, Sir James Herbert Renals, described as a financier, was charged with having made false statements as to the moral character of one Marcus Barthropp, intending it to be used for the purpose of Barthropp's entry into the army.

The prosecutor stated that Barthropp was granted a commission in September, but was afterwards identified as a man who had been several times convicted, the last sentence being eighteen months' imprisonment at Exeter in January, 1913.

Police evidence showed the convictions were chiefly for obtaining money by false pretences.

Defendant stated that he had met Barthropp about half a dozen times in four or five years in the West End. He had never known anything detrimental to Barthropp's character, and signed the certificate in good faith. He now recognised he had been silly, indiscreet, and stupid, but had no desire to mislead the military authorities.

The Magistrate ordered the defendant to pay the maximum penalty of £20 and costs.

EARTHQUAKE IN IONIAN ISLES.

Athens, Saturday.

A severe earthquake shock was felt yesterday throughout Western Greece and in the Ionian Islands. The shock was particularly noticeable between Santa Maura and Corfu. On former island several houses were destroyed, and three people were killed, and considerable damage was done.—Reuter.

IS GERMANY MEETING HER SEDAN?

RUSSIAN VICTORY CONFIRMED.

JAPANESE BIG GUNS ASSIST CZAR'S FORCES.

(BY OUR MILITARY CORRESPONDENT).

London, Saturday Midnight.

All the indications are that the Germans have sustained a crushing and decisive defeat between the Vistula and the Warta.

If unofficial reports may be trusted the plight of the enemy's army at this moment can only be described as desperate.

Official communiques from Petrograd show more restraint, and it will be wise not to accept anything more at the moment than what the despatches of the Grand Duke Nicholas conveys.

We may be quite certain they do not overrate the extent of the Russian successes. When the Germans were flung back on the banks of the Vistula, on the occasion of their first desperate dash on Warsaw the Grand Duke displayed the same disinclination to relate all that was happening until the whole operation was concluded, and complete success had crowned his efforts.

What we know for certain is that "On the whole front between the Vistula and the Warta the battle is favourable to Russian armies."

That, indeed, is news of the utmost importance, for it means that General Von Hindenburg's strategic concentration of his forces on the narrow front between the Warta and the Vistula has failed.

Hindenburg's Plan.

In theory the coup planned by the darling of the German Army was wholly admirable, and, all things considered, it offered perhaps the best, and, indeed, the only possible means of decisively arresting the Russian advance. Von Hindenburg took full advantage of the strategic railways to the west of the Warta to rush up troops from the south to a point where, in view of the Russian concentration against Silesia, the Grand Duke's lines might be expected to be at their weakest, and so afford reasonable prospect of a movement of penetration, which would open a road for a fresh advance on Warsaw, and seriously threaten the Russian right flank. For the success of this movement speed was essential, and this speed the strategic railways on the German frontier immediately afforded to General Von Hindenburg.

If the Grand Duke Nicholas had been obliged to move up his reinforcements from the Czenstochov-Cracow region, it is very questionable indeed whether they could have arrived in time to stay the German advance.

Strong Russian Reserves.

The Russian Grand Duke had no strategic railways behind him to assist the rapid transfer of reinforcements from one portion of his lines to another. But he had strong reserves at Warsaw which he was able to employ in this tremendous emergency.

Little effort seems to have been made to hold the Germans in check at the point between the Vistula and the Warta, where the latter river makes an abrupt turn to south. The Russian forces fell back before them on to the lines of the little river Bzura. This stream, for it is little more, is easily fordable at many points, but it is approached by miles of marshy land that would present serious difficulties to an advancing army.

Moreover, the further the Germans were allowed to advance the more difficult would their retirement be afterwards, when the movement of penetration was checked. And this is practically what seems to have happened. The unofficial reports from Petrograd suggest that the German army is now being attacked on flanks and rear. Even in one of the official reports we are told of a whole army corps making attempts to fight its way through to the north.

Advance on Silesia.

But we must wait for more detailed information from the Grand Duke Nicholas himself before accepting the story that the German Army has suffered its Sedan. In the meantime we are able to realise the advantages which numerical superiority is conferring upon the Russian armies.

As already indicated, the Grand Duke Nicholas was able to rely on the reserves which he held in readiness at Warsaw to throw back the German advance. Apparently the line Czenstochov-Cracow has been weakened little, if at all, to cope with the threatened stroke in the north between the Vistula and the Warta.

In any case, sufficient forces were available vigorously to press the advance on Silesia, the defences of which must have been materially weakened by the German concentration for the fresh move on Warsaw.

Here again the Grand Duke's report is entirely reassuring and satisfactory, though lacking in details. "On the Czenstochov-Cracow-Tymbark front," he reports, "our successes have assumed marked importance." The additional information is conveyed that the enemy is in "disorderly retreat" in the Cracow region.

Effect of Russian Successes.

It is too early to estimate with certainty the consequences that must follow from all these Russian successes. The battles which have been in progress during the past week have been regarded by military experts in Germany, as well as by military experts here, as destined to have a decisive effect on the whole progress of the war. If General Von Hindenburg is able to extricate his beaten army in Poland, and effect a more or less orderly retreat, we may expect to see the Germans make a fresh stand along the valley, entrenched in fortified positions on the frontier.

But Silesia, the Lancashire of Germany, is now definitely threatened, and the more the German armies become concentrated on the defence of the Fatherland the weaker will grow the sympathy which has hitherto linked the causes of Austria and Germany.

Will Austria Break Away?

The agents of the German intelligence department have shown considerable aptitude and skill in spreading reports of dissensions among the Allies of the Entente. If there is to be any breaking away from the alliances which have plunged the whole of Europe into this frightful war, it is far more likely that the first symptons will manifest themselves in Vienna than that they will manifest themselves in Petrograd, Paris, or London.

The German Headquarters reports have been very sparing of reference to the fighting in the East. Berlin, having already celebrated an imaginary victory by General von Hindenburg, the German War Lord, probably realise how severe the reaction will be when the actual facts become known. There is one note in the German wireless communiques, however, which has attracted a great deal of attention here.

Japanese Guns Help Russians.

Mention is made of the fact that Japanese artillery and guns are fighting in the Russian lines. The first hint of this new development was conveyed to your readers in this column last week, when, speaking of the heavy guns on which the Russians were able to count, I mentioned that our Allies in the East have been able to command new sources of supply, of which at that time the enemy were wholly ignorant, but with which they were likely to become painfully acquainted in the near future.

In the West things have been comparatively quiet for some days past, but we may look for big developments in this direction now that a decisive result has been reached in the East. Germany will have to find reinforcements for the defence of Silesia from some quarter or another, and such reinforcements can only be obtained from France and Flanders.

What Franco-British Forces Will Do.

Anyone who imagines that the French and British in the West are going to sit down quietly in their trenches while whole army corps are withdrawn from before them to be hurled against the Russian advance show a very slight acquaintance with the close co-operation subsisting between Paris and London on the one hand and Petrograd on the other.

When the Germans made their rush on Paris, and the Allies in the West were sorely pressed, the Russians created a masterly diversion by suddenly raiding East Prussia.

If, in turn, the Kaiser now attempts to concentrate four-fifths of his armies in the East it will, in the American phrase, be "up to us" to see that the pressure on the enemy's lines in the West is substantially increased.

Primitive War Conditions.

Our greatest soldiers admit that the tendencies exhibited by the first real test of modern warfare in the West have taken them quite by surprise.

A distinguished officer who has just returned from France, where he had exceptional opportunities for inspecting the battle front, asserts that war has become almost stupid. No longer are Napoleonic battles possible. When these huge modern armies meet they inevitably stretch out in opposing lines of trenches, and the fighting develops into incessant scrapping at intervals along the line.

It is a wicked and deadly business, but it is not spectacular. The pomp and circumstance of glorious war has gone for ever. Men kill each other hideously in back alleys and mud swamps, and the net result of all our marvellous scientific mechanism is to cause war to revert to conditions as primitive as the prehistoric butcheries of the dawn of shock tactics with the hatchet.

In many places the opposing trenches are not more than thirty yards apart. And these are the safest positions of all, or, at anyrate, the positions most envied by our own fighting men and their French Allies. Our men gleefully take their chance of bayonet work at close quarters, when they can revel in safe immunity from the dreaded shrapnel. When the trenches are so close together as this the artillery is necessarily out of action.

Some amazing situations have developed from this constant propinquity of fierce foes. These are not soldiers' tales, but incidents officially vouched for. In the Argonne, when the French were teaching the Germans something about fighting in woods, the men of the opposing armies met to draw water at the same streams.

Etiquette of the Trenches.

There is little intercourse, and mostly only scowls are exchanged, but sometimes the soldiers chaff each other, and exchange some rather grim bandinage. Occasionally this leads to a scrimmage with fists, and the officers in charge have to separate the furious knots of scarlet and grey trousers. The truce is purely tacit, but is generally observed.

There was a case near Ypres where our own men and the Germans came to a similar arrangement. Our soldiers wanted hot water for their tea, and the Germans for their coffee. The only places where this could be procured by the troops in the neighbouring trenches were half-ruined houses lying just behind each position.

It gradually came to be a recognised thing that when some of our men, or some of the Germans, left the trenches with their kettles to boil water at their respective rendezvous nobody fired on them. This went on for weeks, but then some German shot one of our men through the shoulder.

This gross breach of the etiquette of the trenches was fiercely resented, and the only result has been that our soldiers afterwards had to go without their tea, and the Germans without their coffee.

It is a regular thing where our men and the Germans are entrenched within a few yards of each other for the desperate bayonet attacks and rifle fusilades to be varied by smoking concerts, to which the performers contribute in turn from their respective trenches; by sporting shooting matches, each side in turn holding up some target and impartially cheering the successful marksman; and by other diversions of the ennui of fighting. Sometimes our men throw packets of tobacco to the Germans, and the latter reply with such delicacies as they may possess.

This amazing situation shows the moral power of the military machine. The men are friendly enough between whiles, but when the order goes forth drive home with the bayonet and the bullet as furiously as ever.

Germany's Last Desperate Hope.

How long the position of stalemate in the West, which renders incidents such as these possible, will continue, it is impossible to determine until we are able to gauge the effect of the German defeat in the East. The last desperate hope of the Germans now is to establish in the East a similar situation of entrenched stalemate, and to hold on until possibly the economic exhaustion and the drain of war produce an atmosphere favourable to a "draw."

But herein Berlin again grievously misinterprets the spirit of the adversaries she has provoked. Europe is not going to revert to the old bad days of armed terrorism.

It may be as impossible to banish war as it seems to be to eradicate the fighting spirit, but the stupendous sacrifices of the present Armageddon must ensure at least another century of peace and rest for the bruised nations.

The position of stalemate can be maintained by the Germans only so long as their forces in the East and the West are approximately equal to those of the Allies. In the East the Russians have already demonstrated very clearly that they are in a position to force decisive results.

In the West huge fresh armies are swiftly preparing to take the field. The Russians can muster eight million fighting men without resorting to any of the desperate courses the German recruiting has already been driven to. The French and British between them will eventually have between five and six million men in the field. Germany cannot possibly call out more than eight million men, of whom already at least a million and a half are gone never to fight again in this war.

LIEUT. HENDERSON, A DUNDEE OFFICER,

RECEIVES FATAL WOUND WHILE SITTING AT DESK.

Dundee, Saturday.

Lieutenant James R. Henderson died in Dundee Infirmary this afternoon from the effect of a wound accidentally sustained in the armoury of Dundee Drill Hall.

Lieutenant Henderson was sitting writing at a desk, and near him was a brother officer engaged handling a rifle. The weapon was accidentally discharged, and the bullet pierced Lieutenant Henderson's neck. In its passage it touched the spinal column, causing paralysis.

At the infirmary, whither he was conveyed, everything that could be done to preserve the officer's life was done, but he passed away this afternoon.

Lieutenant Henderson joined the reserve battalion of 4th Black Watch two months ago, and had already gained the reputaiton of being a clever and popular officer.

He was in his thirtieth year, and was a member of the firm of Henderson & Logie, chartered accountants, Dundee.

As an instance of Lieutenant Henderson's enthusiasm it is recalled that while a painters' strike was in progress in Dundee the Lieutenant, along with a fellow-member of Dudhope Lawn Tennis Club, set to work and painted the club pavilion.

LITTLE GIRL'S DYING GIFT OF ROSARY.

BRITISH SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART KILLED BY GERMAN SHELL.

One of the most exquisitely human stories of the war is told in the following letter, describing the death of a little French girl in the arms of Driver William Craven, 70th Battery R.F.A.:—

"It was pitch dark, about midnight, and the rain was falling heavily, while several drivers were waiting near a lonely French farm. An artillery duel was in progress, and suddenly a shell from one of the German howitzers dropped right on the farm.

"We thought some of our chaps might be sheltering there, so we ran to it, and went into the wrecked house. The family must have been peacefully sitting round the fireside, for the father lay on the hearth, with his wife's head just resting on his chest; a little boy about four was under the remains of the table, and another little girl was across a broken chair.

"They had all been frightfully injured and instantly killed, except the little girl of about seven years, and she was just conscious. Both her legs had been blown away near the knees, and one of her arms was missing from below the elbow. The rain was coming down into the wreckage, and I took off my greatcoat and wrapped the poor, moaning child in it.

"I sat down on the floor to hold her on my knee, and she just opened her eyes and gave me a grateful look. Then she moved her sound arm, and the next thing I found she had lifted something to my head, and it slipped over my shoulders.

"Her arm dropped. She was dead. She had given me her rosary. I thought I had a heart of stone, but I cried like a child that night, and I wasn't the only one."

TOMMY'S LOVE TRAGEDY.

His French Sweetheart Killed in the Trenches.

Private P. Patterson, Highland Light Infantry, tells the following story of tragedy in a letter:—

There was one of our chaps got very friendly with a pretty French girl, who used to come to see him often on his "off" days in the trenches. They were to be married as soon as the war was over, and we were all greatly interested in them. The girl was in the habit of coming by a road that was out of the direct line of fire. But one day the Germans shifted their guns, and just when she was coming along the road she was hit by a piece of shell and was killed. Her sweetheart was terribly cut up, as you might expect, when they told him, and what made it worse was that he had to go out to fight the enemy within an hour of hearing the news.

INDIANS' GRIM JOKE.

An officer at the front writes:—

I was up near the Indian troops. They had just been playing a grim sort of joke on the unsuspecting Germans. The men in one of the trenches suddenly left their trench and retired. The Germans immediately occupied the vacant trench, but, unfortunately for them, the sappers had laid a mine in it, and the result was surprising to the Germans, and completely satisfactory from our point of view!

I hear that trainloads of dead are being sent away from the German lines, as there are too many to compete with locally. The wind was blowing from their direction, and the smell was awful.

You may remember my telling you that I was trying to find a man who was letting carrier pigeons lose near us. I think we have just caught him. The man was caught in the act of cutting a telephone wire during an action. He was seen by an R.A.M.C. orderly. A search of the premises discovered some carrier pigeons, and it was just about the place where I saw the others leave some days ago. He is for Court-Martial.

HOW PRISONERS FARE IN GERMANY.

A captain now a prisoner of war in Germany, writes:—

We get up at seven a.m. and have break- (Continental fashion). At nine we parade for inspection, and after that walk about till eleven a.m., when we return to our rooms. For dinner at one p.m. we are given soup, meat, and vegetables. Then at two p.m. comes the afternoon promenade till four p.m. At 4.30 coffee and rolls are served out. Supper takes place at seven o'clock, and consists of tea, sausage or meat, and potatoes. We have to retire to bed at nine p.m. We receive £5 a month as pay, of which 1s 6d is deducted for food each day.

We have a canteen here, at which we can buy everything we want—all toilet necessaries, books, tobacco, underclothing, and such small luxuries as jam, tea, chocolate, sardines, potted meats, cakes, &c., so there is no need to send me anything at all except, perhaps, those small sevenpenny editions of novels. I have a little stove, and can make tea when I like. I have two packs of cards, and can play patience, some rather indifferent books to read, and every evening I play chess with a French officer, so at present I find the time passes quite quickly. Of course, we are not allowed any English papers or magazines, so can get but little news. We are not allowed beer, or any alcoholic drinks.

UNNAMED REGIMENT'S GALLANTRY.

A lieutenant in a Lancer regiment writes:—

We all feel that the censorship is a little too strict in some ways. Many regiments have done most gallantly. One regiment the other day near here lost 16 officers and 600 men in five hours, and never gave an inch away—but there was not a word in the papers. In times like these regiments make reputations which keep them full and give them their pick of smart men for years after, and we feel that if more news of what regiments were doing were published recruiting would be far better—for us and the country. The cavalry is still doing trench work, and most of the men have been issued with bayonets—and need them.

RED INDIANS AND THE WAR.

EAGERNESS TO SERVE AT THE FRONT.

OLD ALLIES OF BRITISH.

"The first citizens of Canada, the old allies of warring French and British, the redskins, the devoted wards of Victoria the Good and of her grandson, King George, are no whit behind the Sikhs of India, the men from South Africa, or the British regulars in testifying to their loyalty to the Crown or to the unity of the British Empire."

This declaration formed part of a resolution passed by the Blood Indians of Alberta at a meeting of the tribe, which voted £200 from the tribal funds held by the Government as a gift to be used in any manner that the authorities might select. The resolution also affirmed that the donation was to be regarded "as a token of the pride the Indians have in their country, their King, and their Government." The signatories were Chiefs Shot Both Sides and Ermine Horses.

Similar resolutions have been passed and gifts made by seventeen other tribes of Red Indians whose habitation range from the Yukon Territory to Nova Scotia. In all, about £2665 has been contributed. The Red Indian population of Canada at the census of 1911 was 105,492.

Many of the Indians have requested to be allowed to go to the front, and some are enrolled in the Canadian Militia. About a dozen are included in the contingent which is now training on Salisbury Plain. The Tsimpsean tribes of Northern British Columbia have offered to form a corps of guides, and the Metlakahla Indians, who inhabit an adjacent tract, have offered the services of their band to the regiment which is now being recruited at Prince Rupert.

In forwarding a contribution of £100 to Sir Robert Borden "to be used towards defraying the enormous war expenses in which our great King is engaged at present," the Sucker Creek tribe recall that their forefathers fought faithfully under the British flag in 1812, and that in 1870 four members of the band accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Red River. The Christian Island Indians, a small and poor band, voted £20 towards the Patriotic Fund, "as an assurance of their goodwill and respect for the British flag." The North Tomasking Indians have given £200.

TOOTHACHE IN THE TRENCHES.

Dentists for the Front.

From accounts which have come from the front, toothache would seem to be one of the hardships of campaigning in the trenches.

A start has been made to provide an efficient staff of dental surgeons for service at the front. Last week six dentists, who have been given the temporary rank of lieutenant in the Royal Army Medical Corps, left for France, and further drafts of qualified men are being chosen, if they are not actually on the way, for service near the firing line. They will also have the temporary rank of lieutenant.

AVENGES LOVER'S DEATH.

GIRL DONS UNIFORM AND LEADS REGIMENT TO VICTORY.

The second day of a fiercely-contested fight among the mountains of Eastern France was drawing to a close as an ambulance party arrived in a village some miles from the firing line. Wounded men were quartered upon those of the population who had not fled before the tide of war.

The old men and women and young girls took them in and ministered to them as best they could.

Into a cottage inhabited by a girl of eighteen and her mother was carried a young soldier of the —— Regiment of Infantry, mortally wounded. He had only a few minutes to live, and as he was laid upon the bed the girl dropped on her knees by his side, weeping.

He was her sweetheart, and he died with his hand in hers. In the night the ambulance party returned to the firing line, and when the mother, who had fallen asleep, awoke, she found herself alone with the dead soldier. The latter's uniform had disappeared, and her daughter was missing.

Dawn brought with it a critical situation for the French, for whose success it became essential that the enemy should be dislodged from a strong position on a hill. Against this position all that the French commander was able to send was a regiment tired and worn out by two days' fighting.

A terrific fire from rifles and machine guns met them as they charged up the hill, further thinning their already depleted ranks.

When their standard-bearer fell, and the men saw the flag disappear, the whole line wavered.

Suddenly, out in front of them all dashed a young soldier, who held the flag aloft and shouted to the men to follow. With a cheer they obeyed. Throughout the desperate fight at the crest of the hill the flag was seen waving, and finally the Germans were routed.

After the position had been finally occupied and the regiment had mustered, the soldier with the flag was found sobbing in its folds upon the ground. It was Marie Louise Dubois, who, in her dead sweetheart's uniform, had led his regiment to victory, and so avenged him.

It is highly probable that she will be the recipient of the much-coveted Legion of Honour.

A CHEERFUL LETTER.

Private A. Thomas of the R.A.M.C., who was wounded at Ypres, and who leaves his home at Ellesmere Port for the front again on Thursday, has received the following letter from his brother, Private R. Thomas, also of the R.A.M.C. Writing from Belgium, Private Thomas says:—

You ought to be out here now. The weather is awful—high winds, heavy rain, over your shoe-tops in slush. It's lovely! And we have had hailstones for two days, and were almost frozen to death. You would have laughed. One day our Tommies let the Germans get through, and then, I can assure you, they gave them a warm reception. Now, they didn't half pepper them with tin. Of course, it was a made-up affair to let them come through, and it was a made-up affair to send them back again. We are all alive and kicking.

HUNDRED YARDS UNDER FIRE

TO RESCUE AUTHOR OF "STICK IT, WELSH."

V.C. FOR LEADER OF RESCUE PARTY.

The story of how heroic Captain Haggard met his fate is now widely known, and his dying words, "Stick it, Welsh," have since become nothing less than the war-cry of the men he commanded.

An interesting sidelight on the incident is thrown by the announcement that Lance-Corpora! William Fuller (No. 7553), 2d Battalion Welsh Regiment, has been awarded the V.C.

The following is the official statement:—

For conspicuous gallantry on September 14, near Chivy, on the Aisne, by advancing about 100 yards to pick up Captain Haggard, who was mortally wounded, and carrying him back to cover under very heavy rifle and machine gun fire.

Captain Haggard was a nephew of Mr Rider Haggard, the famous novelist.

One of the men in the Welsh Regiment, graphically telling of the engagement, said: "War was no mere word; hell was let loose. Shrapnel shells were bursting over us, but amid this we took heed of only one word, 'Advance,' and advance we did.

"On we all went, up a hill. Twenty yards from the crest we lay down and Captain Haggard advanced to the top, saw the Germans, and shouted, 'Fix bayonets, boys, here they are.'

"What an officer! What a soldier! He himself used a rifle. We 'fixed,' and were prepared to follow him anywhere, but were checked by a storm of Maxim fire. We knew the sound that we were up against a treacherous force.

Never Moved an Inch.

"For three hours we popped away at them, and never moved an inch from our position, our officers every now and again standing up to locate the enemy. We lost four officers in twenty minutes. Bullets were coming at us from our front and both flanks; still we hung on.

"Lying near me was our brave captain, mortally wounded. As the shells burst over us he would occasionally open his eyes and call out—but 'twas in a weak voice—'Stick it, Welsh Regiment; stick it, Welsh.' So our brave lads stuck at it until eventually our artillery arrived, and we won.

"Towards dusk, though we were still exposed to terrible shell fire, and to move was almost courting suicide, several of our lads volunteered to collect and carry away the wounded. Many got hit in doing so, but they cared nothing."

The V.C. hero was evidently the leader of that courageous band.

GERMANY HOARDING HER GOLD.

German credit and paper money have fallen to the lowest point ever experienced on the Continent (writes a correspondent in Geneva). At the Berne Bourse the German 100-mark note, worth 124 fr., is quoted at 111 frs., while the French 100 fr. note stands steady at a premium of 1 per cent. It is now strictly forbidden in Germany to pay for anything in gold, and the person spending a gold 20-mark piece is liable to arrest.

WHY GERMAN FLEET WILL NOT COME OUT.

DEFEAT WILL MEAN EXTINCTION OF LAST HOPE OF VICTORY.

It is but too obvious that there are still many simple-minded people in this country who find cause for worry in the masterly silence of the Grand Fleet.

They express surprise that "nothing is done" to eliminate once and for all the inconvenient German Navy and they are very ready with plans of their own for "bombarding" the German naval bases and destroying the enemy ships at their moorings.

It would be much more to the point were we to ask what the German Navy is doing; yet the question is never raised in the German press. The people of the Fatherland have had to witness the disappearance one after the other of all their overseas possessions—except ing only South-West Africa, the conquest of which will not be long delayed.

They have seen the German mercantile flag swept right off the sea, and the consequent collapse of the foreign trade which was at once their principal source of revenue and their greatest pride.

They have seen the German dash for Calais checked and frustrated largely owing to the direct action of the British Navy, and they are beginning to realise that the same agency is responsible for the growing scarcity in Germany of oil, metal, rubber, and other absolutely indispensable war materials.

Germany's Food Supplies.

The German nation knows better than the outer world what enormous sacrifices it has been called upon to make during the last two decades for the navy, which it was told would eventually win for Germany that truly world-wide empire which her rulers craved.

It accepted with unquestioning faith the assurances of its masters that the navy alone stood between it and the envious hatred of maritime rivals, and it never grumbled audibly, thanks to the press censorship, which in the Fatherland is almost as rigid in peace time as in time of war.

The Imperial German Navy, so the whole world was informed, was created wholly and solely for the purpose of protecting German trade and German colonies. So far it has signally failed to protect either the one or the other, and the people that footed the bill find no consolation beyond that afforded by vague official hints as to the "strategical reasons" which necessitate the postponement of action at sea.

A good deal of nonsense has been written about the lack of food from which Germany is alleged to be suffering, and the total bankruptcy about to overtake her—nonsense, because it is entirely premature. She has food in plenty, and except for raw material which is exclusively drawn from oversea sources she lacks nothing of any vital consequence.

Vast Reserves.

But Germany's fortunate position in this respect is mainly the result of forethought and timely provision on the part of those who planned the present war, and had fixed its approximate date.

The outbreak of hostilities found her with a vast reserve of the material most needed, and with plenty of cash in hand. Hence, if a short war were contemplated, the German outlook was excellent, and the severance of sea communications a matter of small moment.

There is no question now that the Emperor and his advisers confidently reckoned on a short and sharp campaign. They may not have believed that Britain would have "come in," but doubtless even that contingency was provided for.

With France and Russia subjugated, peace negotiations might have been arranged without regard to Great Britain. At all events, the settlement of the naval issue could have been indefinitely postponed. Such, no doubt, was the view of those who have led the German Empire into this stupendous adventure.

Freedom of the Sea.

But all their calculations have been falsified. It is clear to everyone that, unless the totally unforseen happens, the war is going to be a very long one. Germany's reserves of material and money might have been ample in the first case.

They cannot possibly prove adequate if the war continues for as long as most authorities now believe it will. Hence the freedom of the sea is becoming more and more an absolutely vital matter to Germany, for unless she can gain it she is inevitably doomed to defeat.

Her stocks, immense as they must have been at the outset, are running low, and that at the very moment, when the position on land is such that to gain even a partial success she must fling her resources into the scale with an extravagant hand.

When those resources are exhausted, whence are they to be replenished? Her foreign trade, out of the proceeds of which she built up her formidable armaments, and laid up the big cash reserve which she thought would tide her over a short war, is to all intents and purposes dead.

A Problem.

She is therefore living on her means, and very limited means at that. But even if the money were available, she cannot obtain the huge supplies of materials which she needs for carrying on the war unless her sea communications are open.

That is the naval problem as it appears to Germany, and as it will soon be realised by the whole of the German nation. Barring, as I have said, developments in the land campaign which at present seem impossible, force of circumstances will in the end simply compel the German Navy to come out and fight, and the issue of that fight will mean the life or death for Germany.

Defeat to her would not necessarily mean invasion from overseas, but it would mean the utter extinction of her last hope of victory.

The foregoing considerations may help to explain the reluctance which the German Fleet displays to leave its harbours and accept battle. Her battle fleet is Germany's final trump card. If she throws that, and loses the trick, the game for her will be over for several generations to come. Her rulers may well ponder before making so momentous a cast.

Paul Dieck, a gipsy, has been awarded the Iron Cross for valour during the fighting at Dixmude. This is the first time in German history that such a distinction has been conferred on one of the Romany tribe.

IT GOES AROUND THE WORLD.

"It's a long, long way to the tip o' the stocking."

Montreal Star.

How The Cartoonists .·. View The War .·.

"Victories on all our lines. Victories everywhere!" Francis-Joseph (dreamily)—"If it is not true it is a good invention."

Le Barbare (French).

"Walk over Sir John French's contemptible little army!" commanded the Kaiser.
THE WALK OVER
This is a view of the obedient German soldier trying to obey orders. He doesn't seem to be enjoying his walk

Punch (Australia).

New York Times.

A BITTER REMINDER.

Shade:—"Did you hope to succeed where I failed?

New York

THE WORLD'S DICTATOR.

New York World.

THE REARGUARD.

The arrival of numerous German reinforcements is announced.

Le Barbare

THE KAISER'S JIM-JAMS.

There are growing indications of Italian intervention. Kaiser—"Vos effer a poor Emperor so beset mit devils?"

Punch (Australia).

GOALS GALORE IN BIG SCOTTISH GAMES.

NAP HANDS AT KILMARNOCK AND FALKIRK.

ALL ABOUT THE MATCHES THAT MATTER.

Hearts are still happy and trump.

Celtic are on the job, and are after the Tynecastle men.

Rangers are striving, might and main, to get into the flowing League tide again.

Morton continue to go strong. Kilmarnock were a braw side against Aberdeen.

Falkirk were all over Motherwell, and the Queen's did real well against Ayr United.

Partick Thistle are not an away team. Clyde are on the ebb.

Motherwell and Q.P. seem to be fast at the bottom of the ladder.

HARD CHEESE FOR AYR.

To see the Queen's Park scrap-up team on paper one would have plumped for a great Ayr victory, but Queen's young players (there were six new faces on view), whose abilities and energy, along with the glowing display by Gordon Kerr, saved the situation, and earned them a well-deserved point.

Queen's opened against wind and rain, and Keith's shot was all that could be credited to Queen's Park forwards in the first half. Ayr had practically all the play, but without scoring as far as goal-scoring was concerned. Richardson did not fit in as he should. Ayr's wing combination was perfect, but their half-backs in a class by themselves, and at close quarters the shooting was remarkably weak, and at all times off.

Lyall was the only bright feature of the winning half, and that by a full back. Full deserves credit for his shot and all-round play. Queen's equaliser was practically on the stroke of time, only it was Thorpe, the centre-half, who did the trick after Lyall had saved once. Ayr had innumerable chances to score towards the finish, but were defied by a defence that refused to be shaken, and had Queen's scored with the shot that beat Lyall, which the crossbar stopped, it would have been no more than the Amateurs' due.

KILLIE DESTROY THE DONS.

This game was spoiled by a high wind. The score—5-2—for Kilmarnock was not an unfair division. Aberdeen were without J. Wylie, Main, and Soye. Colman had choice of ends, but, strange to say, he elected to play against the breeze, which was very powerful. In the first minute Killie counted. The ball was flashed out to Armour, who first time flashed it in from the touch line. It was a high shot. Down it came clean into the Dons' goal, over Anderson's outstretched hands, and into the net. Donald Colman was the most surprised man on the field. Anderson may have erred in judgment, and if he did his error in the windy circumstances was excuseable.

For the next half-hour the visitors put up a creditable fight against the breeze. But Kilmarnock came away strongly in the closing fifteen minutes. They rattled on three more goals. Neil scored one after slick out-field work and a deft cross by Vickers. Culley bagged another with a stinging shot. Vickers had a foot in it, too. It was he who sent the ball nicely over from the left. A. Cunningham had the honour of scoring the fourth. It was a goal worthy of the man. A brilliant solo burst, leaving two or three Dons wondering, was culminated by a terrific shot, which made more than the Aberdeen goal-keeper gasp.

The second period was as windy as the first. Play was erratic. Kilmarnock played better against the breeze than the visitors did, and the latter were not nearly so effective with it as were Killie. M'Leod drew blood for Aberdeen. Neil got a fifth goal for Kilmarnock. M'Laughlan scored for the North from a penalty. So ended the scoring, with Aberdeen soundly beaten.

MEN WHO DID AND DIDN'T.

The play at Stark's Park was spoiled by the wind. It was a stern, stubborn game nevertheless. Against the breeze the Rovers began in telling fashion. Inside of five minutes the ball was in the Dundee net. It was sent there by Scott after good outfield manœuvring in the teeth of the wind. The strangers were not showing great play with the wind, and for a while the Raith defence had a comparatively easy passage. Gradually, however, they found a better stride, and deservedly got the equaliser. M'Culloch showed pretty touches, and it was his play which led up to Brown's equalising goal.

Afterwards the Rovers had the better of the exchanges. The forwards were clever against the breeze. Scott almost did the trick again with a binder of a shot. Then Dundee filled the eye, the right wing being very prominent, but the van's play was loose and ineffective at close quarters.

Raith had distinctly the pull in the second period. But Dundee presented a very plucky defence, and the game was left drawn. Both rear divisions were sound. Hogg was the star turn in Dundee's attack, but he was badly supported. Gibson took the fancy most in Rovers' van. His flying runs were a constant source of trouble to M'Donald and M'Intosh.

THE BAIRNS GO NAP.

Falkirk fairly rubbed it into Motherwell at Brockville, and they had Godfrey, a half-back, keeping goal. Playing with the wind, the Bairns made things hum in the visitors' territory. Allan and his backs were kept constantly busy. Ramsay, Robertson, Glancy—indeed, all the forwards had tries. For a time the Motherwell defence presented a sound and solid barrier to all home attacks. But it was Motherwell who scored first. Bond was tripped, and a penalty given against Henderson, Waugh netting. Then came the Bairns' turn. Robertson equalised with a sterling effort, and soon after Ramsay put on number two. In the closing period Falkirk gave much more than they got. Motherwell were plucky, but were at times almost outclassed.

The Bairns put up their season's biggest score against Motherwell, and the result—five goals to one—does not belie the play. After the first half Motherwell's defence was quite unequal to the fine attack of the Bairns, whose shooting came quite as a revelation. Falkirk's scorers were:—Robertson (3), Ramsay (Jimmy), Robertson, Reilly, and Orrock were best for Falkirk; and Bond, Waugh, and Fairgray for Motherwell.

WHY MORTON ROMPED HOME.

Airdrie were decisively beaten at Greenock, where they found Morton in top-hole form. Donaldson should have scored right away for the visitors, but he declined the chance. Morton got into their swing inside of ten minutes, and soon rattled on three goals. The 'Onions' defence, playing stubbornly and well, could not meet effectively the clever footwork of the Morton men. Torrance centred in sublime fashion, and Stevenson promptly headed past Brown, who hadn't the ghost of a chance. This was followed by goals by Buchanan and Wright, and the very comfortable lead of three clear goals at the interval.

In the closing period Morton still maintained the upper hand. Airdrie fought desperately to retrieve their position, but the home defence was too good for a good enough attack. Seymour got a fourth goal for his side, while Donaldson scored for Airdrie, who won with plenty to spare.

The size of the victory was due not to any partial eclipse of the 'Onions' defence as to the cleverness displayed by the local forwards, who took their chances like champions. Greenock were ably served fore and aft. There was not a weak spot in the eleven. The 'Onians weren't quite themselves, and Templeman was hurt.

CELTIC DRUB DUMBARTON.

Celtic won at Boghead without much difficulty. Dumbarton had the wind with them in the first period, but the Celts were the first to be aggressive. It was early evident that the champions were in the mood. The passing of the van was clean and clever, and the home defence had to be slick in order to clear the danger away from their citadel.

The "Sons" put in all they knew, and play was transferred to Celtic's end. There some lively work was introduced. Shaw was particularly active in making two capital saves following upon well-concerted attacks. Gradually, however, the Celts got to business. They outmanœuvred the home halves and backs, and in twelve minutes Hamilton was beaten to the wide by a powerful shot sent in by M'Atee. It was a pretty point, led up to by smart half-back feeding on the part of Sunny Jim and 'cute dodging by M'Atee.

To this again the Sons replied splendidly. Again and again they closed in upon Shaw & Co., but the defence was too clever for them. Then Celtic scored again through Gallagher, who displayed all his tricks. Even this second success did not discomfit Dumbarton, who played up with greater virility than ever, and Brown found the net, converting a pass by Shaw.

A most amusing incident occurred at Kilmarnock. Our fine old friend, Donald Coleman, won the toss, and played against the wind, Killie scoring practically in the first minute. Asked why he elected to play against the gale, his laconic reply was, "Just for an experiment." Costly experiment, wasn't it?

Curious team Bradford! Their success yesterday against Sheffield United seems to emphasise what Tom Maley has all along maintained, that if you keep a team of ability together, success is bound to come. They got the better of Sheffield United in the easiest possible fashion.

I am rather afraid Glossop will have to be "voted in" when it comes to the wind up. They went down to Wolverhampton Wanderers by 4-0 yesterday. I wonder what Davy Ashcroft really thinks when he reads such like results. The "Peak" men have the distinction of having lost more goals—31—than any team in the League.

Wasn't that a rollicking song, "M'Crae's Own," which was sung in the crowded Usher hall, where the Hearts' "recruits" were the "guests of the evening"?

Come, and bring your whistle, boys;
We'll have another song—
Singing down old Princes Street
To help the war along;
Sing it as we roll it out
A solid thousand strong,
When we are marching wi' Geordie!

The chorus brought us all to our feet:—

Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the Dandy Corps!
Hurrah! Hurrah! We've all been there before!
The Kaiser knows we're coming, boys;
He'll not want any more,
When we are marching wi' Geordie!

What a meeting it was!

It was a graceful tribute on the part of the Heart of Midlothian to wear crape armlets at Douglas Park in memory of the late Peter Somers. The Accies, naturally, did so. He was greatly loved by the "boys," not only in the Ducal town, but all over Britain.

Percy Dawson had no fewer than four goals against Burnley. He is gradually getting into English methods of play. It was much the same with Logan when he went to Chelsea. They thought at Stamford Bridge when they got him from Falkirk that he would be a "star" right off. He wasn't. But he is now.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Hearts,	17	16	1	0	39	10	32
Celtic,	17	12	2	3	41	15	27
Morton,	16	8	3	5	30	24	22
Rangers,	16	8	3	5	28	14	21
Ayr United,	17	8	6	3	22	18	19
St. Mirren,	16	8	5	3	25	28	16
Falkirk,	16	6	6	4	23	19	16
Hamilton Accies.,	15	6	6	3	23	19	15
Airdrieonians,	16	6	7	3	24	25	15
Raith Rovers,	17	6	8	3	21	20	15
Dundee,	17	5	8	4	15	29	14
Clyde,	16	6	7	2	16	19	14
Third Lanark,	17	5	8	4	21	30	14
Dumbarton,	17	5	8	4	17	27	14
Kilmarnock,	17	4	8	5	17	27	13
Partick Thistle,	14	4	6	4	20	24	12
Motherwell,	16	4	10	2	19	32	10
Queen's Park,	16	2	9	3	18	35	7

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Cowdenbeath,	13	8	1	4	32	10	20
Leith,	14	8	2	4	30	16	20
Arbroath,	14	7	3	4	30	14	18
Dunfermline Athletic,	15	7	6	2	30	25	16
East Stirlingshire,	10	7	1	4	20	12	18
St. Bernard,	14	7	5	2	19	23	16
Abercorn,	14	4	4	6	24	32	14
Albion Rovers,	15	4	5	6	17	18	14
St. Johnstone,	11	5	3	3	17	16	13
Johnstone,	11	3	5	3	16	24	9
Dundee Hibs,	15	3	10	2	22	41	8
Vale of Leven,	11	3	6	2	17	26	8
Lochgelly United,	6	1	4	1	7	17	3
Arthurlie,	9	0	6	3	11	21	3

WE HAVE GOT THIS FRESH FROM THOSE WHO KNOW.

CELTIC AND RANGERS CHASING THE LEADERS.

TWO EX-SCOTTISH CENTRE FORWARDS ON THE DOT IN ENGLAND.

A Hearts reverse at Hamilton was hardly looked for in the ducal town. And it didn't materialise either.

I told you that Applegarth would beat Jack Donalson. And he did. The Poly boy even seemed to have something in hand.

Up Dundee way there is a feeling that Adams has not got a proper chance in the centre forward position. His time will come.

Cairns looks like turning out one of the most profitable of players to Rangers. He is not too showy, but he is probably all the better for it.

I suppose it was what he did at Hampden which has prompted our Ayr humorist to telephone that the "Bell" is still ringing there.

Rangers are improving. I don't say that simply because they are winning, but there is a solidity about their play which is auguring well for the future.

Can "Snider" Smith, of Third Lanark, explain how he missed the couple of terrible pinches against Rangers? The chances he got were gilt-edged.

A usually well-informed correspondent says that although the match at Kirkcaldy between Raith and Dundee ended in a draw, the Taysiders were never in the hunt.

Isn't it wonderful how, in another sense, quite unexpectedly, one oft uses quotations in these columns that the "Herts aye the part aye that maks us richt or wrang" has come true.

Dumbarton had another chip knocked off their rock. Celtic were the culprits. The Boghead men endeavoured strenuously to defend their citadel, but their efforts were not strong enough to repulse the enemy.

Whittle and Frank Branscombe were the only Partick Thistle forwards who showed to advantage against the Hibs. And yet their efforts were of no avail so far as adding to the Firhill pointage is concerned.

Harry Swift is improving every match. He went off for a bit, but he is back again to form. If Burnley people saw him to-day they would have difficulty in deciding whether he or Tommy Boyle was the better centre half.

M'Call, of the Hibs, is always on the lookout, but he declines to face the camera.

The "Warriors" did not have a shot in their magazine.

Celtic are treading closely on the heels of the Hearts. They are only four points behind—and the bad weather is coming on!

The reason why Jimmy Reid, the Airdrie centre, did not do better at Greenock was that he was lamed very early in the game.

There seems to be no possibility of overtaking the Tynecastle lads. Their position at the top of the table seems to be too well fortified.

Why is it that Archibald is not paid more attention to by his confreres? The Directors ought to open their eyes to the fact that he is being neglected.

You'll hear shortly of challenges flying about in the pedestrian world. Applegarth will be out for the "220"—and he'll win that, too. I know my clients.

Motherwell must really be in a bad way. To be defeated by Falkirk by five goals to one is little short of a disgrace. Are they missing Colin Hampton?

Poor Queen's Park! What changes they have to make! Yet they divided the points on their "ain midden-heid" against such formidable rivals as Ayr United.

LEADING RESULTS.

X INDICATES MATCH OFF.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

Kilmarnock,	5	Aberdeen,	2
Morton,	4	Airdrieonians,	1
Queen's Park,	1	Ayr United,	1
Dumbarton,	1	Celtic,	4
Clyde,	1	St Mirren,	2
Raith Rovers,	1	Dundee,	1
Falkirk,	5	Motherwell,	1
Hamilton Accs.,	1	Hearts,	3
Hibernian,	4	Partick Thistle,	1
Rangers,	5	Third Lanark,	0

Second Division.

Abercorn,	3	Vale of Leven,	1
Dundee Hibs,	2	Cowdenbeath,	2
Dunfermline Athletic,	3	Johnstone,	1
Leith,	5	St Bernard,	0
Albion Rovers,	2	Clydebank,	2

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

Blackburn Rovers,	5	Burnley,	0
Bolton Wanderers,	4	Tottenham Hotspur,	2
Bradford,	2	Sheffield United,	0
Liverpool,	5	Aston Villa,	6
Manchester United,	1	Newcastle United,	0
Notts County,	0	Bradford City,	0
Oldham Athletic,	5	Middlesbrough,	0
Sheffield Wednesday,	1	Everton,	4
Sunderland,	2	Chelsea,	1
West Bromwich A.,	0	Manchester City,	1

Second Division.

Arsenal,	3	Bristol City,	0
Birmingham,	5	Blackpool,	0
Clapton Orient,	2	Bury,	2
Derby County,	1	Huddersfield Town,	6
Fulham,	2	Barnsley,	0
Hull City,	1	Notts Forest,	0
Leeds City,	0	Preston North End,	0
Lincoln City,	2	Grimsby Town,	1
Stockport County,	5	Leicester Fosse,	0
Wolverhampton Wan.,	4	Glossop,	0

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Southampton,	2	Gillingham,	1
Reading,	3	Brighton and Hove A.,	1
Croydon Common,	0	Cardiff City,	1
Bristol Rovers,	2	Exeter City,	1
Luton Town,	0	Milwall Athletic,	2
Queen's Park Ran.,	1	Portsmouth,	2
Southend United,	1	Swindon Town,	2
Plymouth Argyll,	1	Crystal Palace,	4
Watford,	0	West Ham United,	1
Northampton,	4	Norwich City,	1

QUALIFYING CUP.

Fifth Round Replay.

Lochgelly United,	0	East Stirlingshire,	2

Sixth Round Replays.

Arthurlie,	0	Galston,	4
St Johnstone,	1	Forfar Athletic,	0

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Clackmannan,	2	Allan Athletic,	3
Bathgate,	4	Broxburn,	1
Arbroath,	2	Stenhousemuir,	0
King's Park,	1	East Fife,	0
Bo'ness,	1	Armadale,	2

RESERVE LEAGUE.

Motherwell A,	7	Falkirk A,	3
St Mirren A,	2	Clyde A,	1
Partick Thistle A,	1	Kilmarnock A,	2
Ayr United A,	2	Q. P. Strollers,	3
Stevenston United,	1	Rangers A,	0
Hearts A,	2	Raith Rovers A,	1

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP.

Third Round.

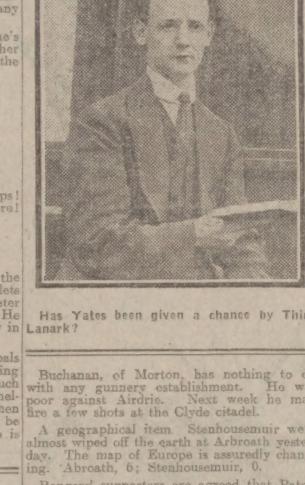
Cambuslang Rangers,	0	Ashfield,	1
Caledonian A.C.,	1	Car. Milton Rovers,	4
Larkhall Thistle,	0	Benburb,	0
Vale of Clyde,	3	Thornliebank Juniors,	2
Giffnock Athletic,	0	Port-Glasgow Juniors,	3
Perthshire,	1	Petershill,	3
Parkhead,	2	Bellshill Athletic,	1
St Anthony's,	3	Maryhill,	2
Mearns Pollok,	1	Blantyre Victoria,	4
Kilbirnie Ladeside,	1	Kilwinning Eglinton,	3
Springside Thistle,	1	Muirkirk Athletic,	3
Saltcoats Victoria,	1	Irvine Meadow,	1
Cumbernauld United,	2	Denny Hibs,	2
Wallaceless R.,	2	Kilsyth Rangers,	1
Cumnock Juniors,	1	Dreghorn Juniors,	1

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Clydebank Juniors,	6	Glencairn,	2
Shettleston,	2	Rob Roy,	2

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Yoker Athletic,	3	Renfrew Juniors,	0
Glenboig Cameronians,	1	Croy Celtic	0



Has Yates been given a chance by Third Lanark?

Buchanan, of Morton, has nothing to do with any gunnery establishment. He was poor against Airdrie. Next week he may fire a few shots at the Clyde citadel.

A geographical item. Stenhousemuir were almost wiped off the earth at Arbroath yesterday. The map of Europe is assuredly changing. Abroath, 6; Stenhousemuir, 0.

Rangers' supporters are agreed that Paterson has gone off his game entirely. You'll see old Alick in his same old place before long. So I got it from those who ought to know.

Isn't it grand to think that Sandy Mutch is doing so much for Huddersfield? I couple his name with Rab M'Farlane's when I say that they were the best goalkeepers Aberdeen ever had.

Barnsley must have lost a lot of their old Cup-tie vigour. A 2-0 defeat at the hands—or the feet—of Fulham will not set the Yorkshire town on fire. They have plenty of coal there, too.

We mourn with big Will Morrison the death of his wife. Hers has been a long, lingering illness, which she bore with a fortitude and patience which was the admiration of all who knew her.

It is not often that it has to be recorded of Brownlie that he was off form, but the fact must be recorded for once. He had absolutely no luck at Ibrox. Had he got more work, the probability is that he would have been in receipt of a testimonial this morning.

A representative of an English team was waiting the Aberdeen team when they came off the train at Glasgow from Kilmarnock. I wonder if he wanted to see Brewster. There's going to be something doing as far as I can hear.

Sir George M'Crae is not a physician, but he stimulated the Heart's action.

The wind defeated Airdrie at Cappielow. Shouldn't they have taken an 'Onian with them?

Who said you couldn't sit on the Thistle? Hibs, 4; Partick, 1. The Firhill Parkers will rise again, however.

If you took Billy Hogg from the Tayside forward line they tell me Dundee wouldn't have a forward line at all.

The visiting teams yesterday scored sixteen goals; the homesters got "home" twenty-six. Kilmarnock and Falkirk went nap.

Against Third Lanark, Bennett overdid the carpet-weaving business. If he doesn't take care he will be transferred to Kidderminster.

Cully, of Kilmarnock, is fast developing into a clever inside forward. He and "Andra" bore the "brunt" of the attack against Aberdeen.

It used to be said of Torrance, of Greenock, that he couldn't play a "maik's worth." He was brilliant yesterday against the Broomfielders.

J. W. Smith was easily Third Lanark's best forward against Rangers. He was heady all the time. One of the best of Ned Tarbat's captures this lad.

No question about it, Rangers ought to have got a penalty when Cairns was tripped up within the penalty area. I suppose, however, Rangers werena carin'.

I heard it, from an authority at Ibrox, that Purcell is placing the ball better than any of the half-backs. What about Jimmy Gordon? Where does he come in?

The brothers Cunningham are demonstrating to all whom it concerns that they are the mainstay of the Kilmarnock team. Their play against Aberdeen was magnificent.

Partick Thistle's defence was poor against the Hibs. Campbell was all there, however, but the others could not stem the rushes of the impetuous Easter Road men.

Billy Meredith attributes Oldham's position to the strength of their half-back line. Manchester United certainly made a terrible mistake when they parted with Charlie Roberts.

Jimmy Logan is something of a mechanic. Proof here!

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Oldham Athletic,	14	10	1	3	36	18	23
Everton,	14	9	3	2	33	15	20
Blackburn Rovers,	15	8	4	3	33	22	19
Sheffield Wednesday,	16	8	4	4	32	19	19
Everton,	14	8	4	2	27	14	18
Aston Villa,	14	7	4	3	24	23	17
Bradford City,	15	6	4	5	27	21	17
West Bromwich A.,	15	6	5	4	22	20	16
Burnley,	14	6	5	3	25	20	15
Middlesbrough,	14	4	5	5	20	22	13
Manchester United,	15	5	7	3	24	29	13
Bradford,	14	6	7	1	21	29	13
Liverpool,	15	4	7	4	26	38	12
Newcastle United,	14	4	7	3	24	27	11
Sheffield United,	14	3	6	5	14	18	11
Chelsea,	14	3	6	5	21	27	11
Tottenham Hotspur,	14	3	8	3	17	27	9
The Wanderers,	16	4	10	2	30	45	10
Manchester United,	14	3	8	3	18	28	9
Notts County,	14	2	8	4	14	26	8

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Huddersfield Town,	15	10	3	2	26	13	22
Derby County,	16	9	5	2	29	13	20
West Ham United,	14	7	3	4	30	18	20
Bristol City,	14	7	5	4	26	17	18
Preston North End,	14	7	4	3	19	16	17
Fulham,	15	8	5	2	27	19	18
Barnsley,	14	7	5	2	15	20	16
Bury,	14	6	5	3	19	25	15
Birmingham,	14	6	4	4	25	16	16
Wolverhampton Wan.,	16	6	9	3	26	20	15
Hull City,	14	5	6	3	21	17	13
Stockport County,	14	5	6	3	17	16	14
Clapton Orient,	15	5	9	1	17	18	14
Grimsby Town,	15	5	8	2	21	27	12
Leeds City,	16	4	7	4	21	22	12
Notts Forest,	16	4	8	4	21	31	12
Lincoln City,	14	4	8	2	15	26	10
Blackpool,	14	4	9	1	16	26	9
Leicester Fosse,	16	4	9	1	14	30	9
Glossop,	16	2	10	3	14	31	7

BOBBY PARKER'S FOUR GOALS FOR EVERTON.

GREAT SHOOTING IN THE ENGLISH LEAGUE GAMES.

SOME SENSATIONAL RESULTS IN DIVISION I.

Oldham Aathletic go from victory to victory. They went nap against Middlesbro'.

Blackburn Rovers credit the surprise of the afternoon. Their 6-0 win over Burnley was sensational.

The race for the championship of both Divisions is developing on most exciting and interesting lines.

Bolton Wanderers have at last managed to win another match. Bradford are on the upgrade, with a very fine triumph over Sheffield United.

Aston Villa's half-dozen goals at Liverpool was another unexpected score, while Everton's handsome win at Hillsborough was one of the best—if not actually the best—performances of the afternoon.

Manchester City also did a good thing in overcoming the Tinostles at the Hawthorns.

Manchester U., 1 Newcastle U., 0

At Manchester, before 5000 people. On the home side Hodge and Hunter returned to their old places, and Knowles was at half-back. Newcastle were at full strength. Manchester had the better of the opening play, and West broke through, forcing Lawrence to tip the ball over the bar. After thirty minutes West scored for Manchester with a low drive. Hewison lifted the ball over the bar. Interval—Manchester United, 1; Newcastle, 0.

Play deteriorated considerably in the second half. Newcastle on one occasion made a lively attack, which fizzled out, and at the other end Turnbull was only inches wide from a pass by Wall. Then Beale made a brilliant save from Hibbert. West was to the fore with some good work, but the shooting of the home side was poor. Towards the finish Newcastle made desperate efforts to get on level terms, but failed.

Blackburn R., 6 Burnley, - - 0

Played at Ewood Park, before 20,000 spectators. In the first half the play was almost entirely in favour of the Rovers, and Dawson (centre forward) scored no fewer than four goals. Walmsley deserves credit for making the openings which resulted in the second goal, and the fourth, which was headed two minutes from the interval. On the whole, Burnley were disappointing. Half-time—Blackburn, 4; Burnley, 0.

The visitors' captain was hurt in the ribs, but though suffering considerable pain remained on the ground up to the interval. He did not resume for ten minutes after the restart, and in that time Taylor had put through his own goal. Burnley's attacks were not convincing, and Freeman was least conspicuous of the forwards. Latheron scored Rovers' sixth goal five minutes from the finish.

Sunderland, - 2 Chelsea, - - 1

At this match at Roker Park there was an exceptionally small attendance, about 4000. The weather was fine but cold, and the ground somewhat heavy. Sunderland had Best in the centre, instead of Philip. The Wearsider were more aggressive, and twelve minutes from the opening Best, receiving from Crossley scored. Afterwards the play ruled in favour of Sunderland, and shots by Buchan and Crossley struck the bar and rebounded. Interval:—Sunderland, 1; Chelsea, 0.

Sunderland played a very aggressive game on restarting, and at the end of two minutes Crossly received from Mordue, and headed a second goal. Chelsea's attempts were weak, but a shot from Logan gave Scott an opportunity of saving cleverly, and he also dealt brilliantly with a shot from Halse. Best and Crossly were very prominent for Sunderland. Chelsea scored for Chelsea from a free kick just on time.

Bradford, - - 2 Sheffield U., 0

The visit of the United to Park Avenue attracted but 9000 spectators in fine weather. C. Garry took Crozier's place at left half in home side. Against the wind United were the cleverer side, but there was not much shooting. Fazackerley got in a brilliant drive, which Scattergood tipped over. After thirty minutes Little scored for Bradford with clever hook shot. Later Bauchop hit inside upright. Half-time—Bradford, 1; Sheffield United, 0.

Sheffield attacked strongly on the resumption, and Scattergood saved three shots in quick succession, one from Brelsford at full length. Gradually the game swung round in Bradford's favour, M'Candless putting in some fine work on the left wing, and Gosip was frequently called on. Ten minutes from the finish Bauchop scored from Smith's centre. On the whole the football was distinctly moderate, but Bradford were always the better side in front of goal.

Sheffield W., 1 Everton, - - 4

At Sheffield in dull weather, before 14,000 spectators. Worrall was introduced at right back in place of Blair, Spoors crossing. Everton forced the game at a smart pace, quickly forcing the Wednesday defence. A good movement saw Parker shoot from short range and easily beating Davidson. Shortly afterwards Parker again got through, shooting at long range. Davidson ran out to meet the ball, but had no chance to save. Interval—Wednesday, 0; Everton, 2.

Wednesday attacked smartly after a good forward display, M'Lean scoring with a sharp shot. Everton now attacked. A splendid run by Parker saw him sailing straight for goal. Skimming bowled him over in the penalty area, and from the subsequent penalty Parker netted a third goal. Everton were now all over Wednesday. A brilliant run by their right wing saw the ball swing across to Parker, who easily scored his fourth.

Bolton W., - 4 Tottenham H., 2

At Bolton, before 8000 spectators. Bolton had a rearranged team, and Steel for Rance was the Spurs' only change. Hilton headed for the Bolton in the first minute, and Cantrell headed through from a corner, equalising after eight minutes. Joyce was kept busy saving repeatedly from Vizard and Smith, whilst Roberts hit the post. Eventually Clay blundered, and Roberts went on to score a fine goal. Interval—Bolton Wanderers, 2; Tottenham Hotspur, 1.

The Wanderers began the second half at a great pace, and Smith scored twice from penalty kicks, with hurricane shots, the first being conceded by Clay and the second by Collins. Both offences were against Roberts, who led Bolton's forwards with great dash. Clay scored for the Spurs from a penalty given against Wilson for pushing Bliss. The Wanderers were easily the better side, though the 'Spurs had more of the play towards the finish, but were beaten.

Oldham Ath., 5 Middlesbro', 0

At Oldham, in fine weather, before 8000 spectators. Athletic were still without Gee and Walters. Davies saved grandly from Donnachie, and beat away a great shot from Wilson. Cook, Middlebrough, shot inches over the bar. Roberts ended a great burst on over by sending a foot wide. Weir turned a shot from Tummon into the net with his arm. Cashmore scored a second goal. Athletic were leading at the interval by two goals to nil.

Athletic monopolised the play almost all the second half, and Middlesbrough were a well beaten team. Kemp scored a magnificent goal after seven minutes, and Pilkington netted again three minutes later. Davies made a magnificent save from Cashmore following a corner. Cashmore scored a wonderful goal, going through from half-way and netting. Donnachie copied his example, but Davies made a marvellous save. Carr put on Middlesbrough's only goal.

Notts County, 0 Bradford City, 0

In bright weather; at Nottingham; before 7000 spectators. In the absence of Emberton and Clamp (injured), Jennings and Lamb played in the Notts side. There was not much to choose between the teams in the first half. Richards missed two good openings for Notts, and Shepherd and Logan went close for Bradford, whose style was more virile. Ewart was particularly skilful in saving a hot shot from Richards, but on neither side was it a great display. No goals at the interval.

The second half was marred by unnecessarily rough tactics, Campbell coming under the notice of the referee for unfair charging. Notts manifested considerably better tactics after the interval Peart, Richards, and Flint being conspicuous. Bond and Fox did some characteristically clever things for Bradford, but the finishing touches were lacking. Shepherd's attempts being rendered impotent by the resolute defence. Towards the end Peart missed a goal by inches, afterwards being within an ace of scoring from Henshall's corner.

W. Brom. A., 0 Manchester C., 1

The ground was very sodden owing to a heavy rain storm. The City won the toss, and Howard kicked off before 10,000 spectators. Manchester attacked, and twice Pearson was called upon to save. Towards the interval the Albion exerted pressure, and Jephcott was well placed, but shot over the bar. Neither team were able to score. Interval—West Bromwich Albion, 0; Manchester City, 0.

In the second half the Albion advanced. Smith saving from Poulton, Morris, and Bowser. The City made a smart attack, and Browell, with a fast shot, scored, Pearson making no effort to save. Play was fast, the Albion making good attacks, but being weak in front of goal. Cummings shot into Pearson's hands, and Smith punched away a shot from Morris.

Liverpool, - 3 Aston Villa, 6

There were 15,000 spectators present at Anfield. The teams were strongly represented, and the start was rather sensational. Loose defence on the part of Liverpool enabled Stepenson to score in three minutes. Hampton soon afterwards added a second. Liverpool later missed a fine opportunity. Villa came again, and Barbour added a third from long range. Bache scored a fourth goal. Nichol for Liverpool and Edgeley for Villa added further goals.

On resuming there must have been eighteen to twenty thousand spectators present. Play was keen, and Liverpool tried hard to reduce the margin. Pagnam missed two good chances. However, Miller scored after eight minutes. Campbell made a grand save. After exciting play Nichol scored a third. Play continued fast, and Edgeley scored the sixth goal for Villa, and just before the finish Crawford for Liverpool missed a penalty.

SECOND DIVISION.

Arsenal, - - 3 Bristol City, 0

In drenching rain with the turf saturated. Only 5000 spectators were present. In the wretched conditions scientific football was out of the question, but the Arsenal had generally rather the best of some scrambling play. Hardinge scored for them in the first half, and in the later stages Hardinge scored again from a corner kick. King added another, and Arsenal won on their merits by three goals to nil.

Fulham, - - 2 Barnsley, - - 0

Played at Fulham. Rain fell in torrents before the match and through the first half. The ground was soft, and the ball greasy. 1000 spectators were present. Despite the dreadful conditions Fulham played fine football in the first half, the forwards dribbling splendidly, and the backs kicking well. Russell scored for them in fifteen minutes. Lee heading a second five minutes later. Barnsley did better in the second half, Fulham losing their dash, but Nixon kept goal finely.

Clapton Orient, 2 Bury, - - - 2

Facing a heavy rain the Orient were unlucky at Homerton; and Smith, following a free kick, scored for Bury, the ball going through off Dixon. The downpour ceased during the interval, but the ground was very muddy in places. M'Fadden equalised with a hot left foot shot ten minutes after the resumption. Ten minutes later M'Fadden gave the Orient the lead from a penalty for hands. On time Peake scored. It was a poor game before 1200 spectators.

Hull City, - 3 Notts Forest, 1

At Hull, before 4000 spectators. The ground was very wet consequent upon heavy rain during the morning. Notts

BEGIN TO-DAY THIS GREAT STORY OF THE WAR.

DASHING DICK CARRICK.

The Beginning of the Story.

Dick Carrick, a daring and accomplished young man of independent means, undertakes the task of going to Berlin to rescue his sweetheart,

Ellice Remington, the daughter of a wealthy engineer. Ellice had set out for Germany before the war on a holiday in company with Mrs Gaylor, the wife of.

Nardon Gaylor, old Remington's junior partner. Gaylor is in reality a German agent, and a month before the outbreak of hostilities received a mysterious code telegram announcing that war was certain. This telegram was signed by

Herr Baumeister, who is chief of the German spy organisation, and whom Dick Carrick runs up against shortly after his arrival in Belgium.

Dick tells Baumeister that he escaped from the British lines at Ostend, and, speaking in excellent German, pretends that he is attached to the spy department of the Fatherland. His deception is discovered, however, and he is ordered to be hanged at daybreak, but manages to escape from under the very nose of Baumeister.

Dick ultimately arrives in Berlin, where he has several narrow escapes, and discovers that Ellice is a prisoner in a private lunatic asylum.

By adopting a clever ruse Dick succeeds in getting his sweetheart out of the toils of the asylum doctor, who was plotting, along with the Gaylors and Baumeister, to get a huge sum of money from Ellice's father for her release.

The lovers, now happily united, afterwards meet old friends in Monsieur and Madame Henri Beautemps, actors, belonging to one of the best theatrical companies in Paris. The Frenchman and his wife are passing off as Germans.

Herr Baumeister's hatred against Dick has increased tenfold, and he strains every effort to lay the brave young Britisher by the heels. The climax comes when he sends five secret service men to the Frenchman's flat to effect the capture of the suspects.

Thanks to the timely warning of Hans Friebaum, who has acted as valet to Gaylor in London and is now a secret service agent in Berlin, Dick and his friends escape from the flat, leaving five dead Germans behind them.

Hans again comes to the aid of Dick and his friends, furnishing them with money and forged American passports. He also tells Dick about the pitiful plight of a young Englishwoman, Mrs Dayre, who, with her husband, has been arrested on their honeymoon. The young wife is to be shot the next day on a trumped-up charge of being a British spy.

Dick immediately resolves to do what he can to save Mrs Dayre, and goes back to the hotel to consult with the others.

"Where's Ellice?" is Dick's first question, and he is greatly alarmed when Henri tells him that she has disappeared in their absence.

"A Narrow Squeak!"

"WHY, no!" said Juliette suddenly, and with a note of delight in her voice. "There she comes! Oh, isn't that splendid? I wonder where she's been? And who is that with her?"

Dick hardly heard what the Frenchwoman was saying, for he, too, had seen Ellice enter the hotel lounge with a young man whom he recognised at once. It was Percival Carton, the secretary from the American Embassy.

"Well, mother?" said Dick, not taking any risks. "I thought you were lost. Who is the new friend you have found?"

Dick spoke, of course, with a strong American accent, and young Carton smiled.

"Pretty good that; pretty good!" he said. "You'd pass for an American anywhere. And a pretty good disguise, too; different to the last time I saw you. And playing such a game with our respectable porter. Oh, shame, shame! I believe they thought I'd helped in the matter."

Young Carton spoke in genial mockery, winking at Dick, who, however, was not to be easily drawn.

"Say, young man, you appear to be a little fresh," he drawled. "I think I hold about as many brains as the man next door, but I'll be darned if I can catch on to what you're driving at. A friend of yours, eh, mother? Oh, sweetheart, what a turn you gave me!"

Dick turned to Ellice, whose hand he was holding as a son might hold his mother's; at least, so it would seem to the uninitiated, but it was, of course, a lover's grasp, and he spoke the last words in a low tone, looking down at her with apparently a son's devotion. But Ellice could read the lover's love in the eyes that were bent upon hers.

"This gentleman called to see me," she said. "There was something about our passports that he wished to have put right. He took me to the American Embassy with him, and—well, perhaps he'd better explain things to you himself."

"What I wish to say is, sir," said Carton, "that the passports you and your mother have are forgeries. They were never issued from our office, and so in the course of my duty I had to ask your mother to accompany me. But she has returned safe and sound, as you see, and I think, old chap," he went on, clapping Dick on the shoulder, "that you might chuck all this keeping up appearances with me and speak openly. I know who you are well enough. You're Dick Carrick, and that is Miss Ellice Remington. Now, are you satisfied? And your passports are forged; they were never issued from our office.

"I chanced to see the names of Mr and Mrs Hooston in the police register, and I knew at once that we had issued no safe conducts in this city to any one of that name, and I also knew that no one had arrived there for some time with passports in the name of Hooston. Where, then, did those passports come from? They were evidently faked, then, unless they had been stolen, and it was my duty to find out who were the holders of these forgeries. Somehow or another I seemed to trace the hand of Richard Carrick, Esq., who once called upon me in the guise of Sirius Maydene. Now, sir, do you know who I am?"

"Shake!" Dick extended his hand. He was quite satisfied now that Carton had spoken openly; there would be no risks now, he knew that. "And if you don't mind I'll still speak what I'm pleased to call American, unless it grates on your real American ear, for we might be overheard, and I'm not taking any chances just now."

"That hits the nail right on the head," replied Carton. "What you say goes with me. Now then, let's sit down here in this quiet little corner and have a pow-wow."

"Is it all right now, Dick; really all right?" broke in Ellice eagerly.

"Quite all right, dear. This is the American gentleman from the Embassy who was so kind to me; you remember, I told you about him. When old Baumeister nearly landed me, Mr Carton risked his berth and reputation just to give help to a Britisher."

"And right proud I was to do it, sir," said Carton. "And let me tell you that I guess your mother is one to be proud of. For all she's let out she might be the real Mrs Hooston, which I take it she ain't. It's a mighty fine disguise, and she wears it well too, but I reckon that behind that old skin is the pretty face of Miss Ellice Remington; eh, Carrick?"

"Yes, old chap; that's quite right. Miss Remington it is."

"Then you've got her back safely! You're a great man, Carrick. Congratulations! For the moment I'm almost sorry I'm American, for I'd like to be in this with you. The complications? Gee! we should be complicat-ed all over the place if one of the Embassy officials—and an American, too—were found helping a Britisher to escape. My, what would the papers say? And what would little old Germany say? And what would my own little old country say? Why, we should be in the trouble right up to our necks before you could say knife. Well, if I can't be right in the game I can look on from one of the private boxes, and maybe give you more than a hand of applause now and again.

"But, I say, Carrick, I must hand a bouquet to your mother—to Mrs Hooston here. I was really beginning to wonder whether I was mistaken; whether she wasn't really the old lady. I took her to the Embassy; I tried to shake her, to frighten her even; I told her I guessed who she was; I mentioned your name. But could I shake her? Not by a jugful!"

"Splendid, splendid!" cried Dick, turning and looking at Ellice. "I'm indeed proud of my—mother." He was just going to say "my darling," but a waiter happened to be passing, so he changed the word to "mother."

"And it was mighty good of you, Carton, to do what you have done. Now, I wonder whether you could help us in this way? There's a poor little Englishwoman and—now, sit tight, my dear! We're going to get her out of it all right."

For he felt Ellice clutch his arm as he began to speak of the little Englishwoman. Instinctively she feared that dreadful things were going to be said.

"There's a poor little Englishwoman going to be shot to-morrow at the Roth-haus," went on Dick. "She's in one jail, and her husband's in another. She's a poor little, innocent, harmless girl, but they swear she's a spy. Baumiester told me, so I know it's true."

Ellice clutched at Dick's arm harder still, and her heart beat fast. A woman, a married woman, little more than a girl, Dick had said, was to be shot to-morrow morning. Oh, she must be saved, she must be saved! And if she was to be saved Dick was the man to save her. Ellice knew that, and as she felt the great, strong sinews and muscles move under her fingers an exultant feeling of pride in this lover of hers thrilled every fibre of her being, and made her swear to herself that she would be worthy of him, that she would play the part of a brave woman, that she would help. She was not going to be frightened; she was going to keep her nerve. She might be wanted. That poor little British girl must be saved.

"My God!" said Carton in a strained voice. "But they are swine, those Germans! Going to shoot a poor little Englishwoman! A spy? Pah, I know that excuse. I know, we know at the Embassy, for we hear of nearly everything there, of at least a dozen innocent, unoffending Frenchmen who have been taken away and shot. And now they're starting on the women! And an Englishwoman is to be the first, too! All right, Carrick, I'm in this with you as far as I dare be. She's in the Roth-haus, you say. Well, you're going to get her out, of course?"

"That's the idea," replied Dick, quietly, as if it were quite an everyday sort of job to go and snatch a woman out of the jaws of death. "Now I've been there once, as I told you, and there I met Herr Baumeister, and he was taken in for about the fifth time. Poor, dear Baumeister, he believes that I'm an American journalist, so I'm going there to-morrow morning to witness the execution of this poor girl—"

"You mean to stop it, don't you?" put in Carton with a calm sort of smile.

"Of course!" Dick's voice was still even and quiet. "She's not going to be shot as long as I can prevent it, that's certain, and prevent it I will while I'm living. But I shall want help and lots of it. There's Hans Friebaum, I can depend on him; there's Henri Beautemps, my French friend—you haven't met him yet—and Juliette, his wife; and there's Ellice—Miss Remington here. Well, that's five. An extra one would make half a dozen, wouldn't it, Carton?"

"Of course it would! Your powers of calculation are almost as great as my own, Carrick, you and Miss Remington here, of course."

"Thanks. I thought you'd be in it."

"Well, what do you propose to do? How are you going to start in to get that poor little girl out of it?" asked Carton.

"I want a plan of the prison first of all," said Dick. "That's absolutely necessary. And I want it as soon as possible too, for we haven't many hours to lose. And I shall want an American passport for a woman, made out in any old name you like. You can manage that, Carton, I suppose?"

Carton nodded.

"Now, I don't want to see anything more of Mr Baumeister than I can help," went on Dick. "I can easily get permission from him to witness the execution of Mrs Dayre to-morrow morning, but I can't so easily get the plan of the prison, which is absolutely necessary. D'you think you could manage that for me?"

"Sure!" said Carton. "I can bring you a plan of it as soon as I can get to the Embassy and back. It's a model house of detention, and our prison authorities away home wanted to experiment with one on the same lines, so we easily got the plans, and as we have them in duplicate I can get one in the Embassy now."

"If that isn't just great!" said Dick. "Just great!" repeated Dick slowly as he let his eyes wander round the hotel lounge. "Just great!" he said again. "As I was saying to you, Carton, I'll have her out of that before she's shot to-morrow morning; see if I don't. Yes, we'll have her out of it—we'll get her out of it somehow."

Dick kept on repeating himself, to the astonishment rather of Ellice and Carton, for they saw that while he was speaking he was tearing a couple of pages out of his notebook and quickly writing on them.

They looked at Dick inquiringly, but he shook his head warningly and went on with his writing, again repeating the words, "We'll get her out of it somehow." Then quickly he handed a slip of paper to Ellice and one to Carton, and as he did so he jerked with his head against the crook of his stick, which he had hooked on to the back of the lounge, and it fell out of sight with a little clatter. On Carton's paper was written:—

"Don't go yet. Stay where you are. Keep on talking."

Carton was puzzled, of course, but he nodded compliance.

On Ellice's paper was written:—

"Find Henri, and borrow his pistol and bring it back to me here. Don't be alarmed. Tell Henri and Juliette not to come. I can manage all right by myself."

Ellice felt nervous, frightened almost, when she read the words, but Dick's smile reassured her, and she rose and went quickly in search of Henri, returning in a few minutes with the little noiseless, smokeless pistol concealed from view in the pocket of her dress.

Dick and Carton were still talking, though they had drifted away from the subject of the prison, and were now discussing nothing in particular, and Ellice sat down again on the lounge and quietly slipped the pistol along to Dick.

The lounge on which they were seated had a high back, and was placed crosswise in a little sort of alcove or corner, which was filled with plants and pots of flowers, making quite a pretty, cosy little background.

"Well, I think we've about finished our little chat, so we may as well go," said Dick. "By the way, I think I must have dropped my stick behind here. I wonder where it is?"

He turned and knelt on the lounge, with his left hand clasping the back, and looked down on to the floor behind.

"I see it!" he said. "I think I can just reach it."

He drew his right arm up, and Ellice knew that his hand contained the little pistol. He leant over with this arm to reach the stick for say a second or two, recovered it, and then with it in his left hand he removed himself from the couch.

"That's all right!" he said. "I wouldn't have lost that stick for anything. I'll walk a bit of the way back to the Embassy with you Carton."

The Plan of the Execution House.

"My God," that was a narrow squeak!" Dick said when they were outside the hotel and he had taken both Ellice and Carton by an arm. "There was a man behind that couch. It was that waiter who passed in front of us just as we were speaking first of all. He must have heard something, must have had some suspicion. He was behind there amongst all those flowers and plants."

"But, great Scott man," Carton stopped in his walk, "was he there listening to all that we said? That poor little girl! And you, Carrick, you and Miss Remington here, you couldn't get in or out of them," answered Carton. "And as to getting into a cell through the door or forcing a way in by any other means—well, you couldn't possibly do it, for there's the finest set of locks and the finest system of discipline in the world almost in the Roth-haus, I suppose."

"Um, well, that finest system of discipline's got to be knocked down for once, Carton. No, it's got to be done by duplicity, diplomacy, not by brute force. Now, let's go into every little detail. First of all, Mrs Dayre is there in that building somewhere." Dick pointed with his pencil to the long, dread building which was all cells. "She's not in there, for that's the storehouse; she's not in there, for those are the officers' quarters; and she's not in there, for that's the chapel; and she's not in there, for that's the governor's house."

So Dick enumerated all the principal buildings, finally pointing with his pencil to the cells again.

"Tell me exactly what is the procedure of an execution, Carton—if you know, that is," said Dick at length.

"Oh, yes, I know, for unfortunately I had to be present at one once. Ugh, it was a horrible sight! They first of all bring the prisoner from her cell to the governor's house—of course, this is another prison of which I am speaking now, not the Roth-haus, but they do the same in them all, I believe."

"Ah, this is getting interesting!" said Dick, leaning forward to drink in every word. "Go on, Carton!"

"They bring the prisoner to the governor's house, there to partake of the last breakfast, during which a minister of the prisoner's faith is there exhorting and consoling. The governor is there, too, and also two guards. Then a procession is formed, and the prisoner is taken over to the death-house."

"Ah, they bring the prisoner straight from her cell to the governor's house, do they? I wonder why," said Dick.

"I don't know. It's the custom; that's the only reason I can give, and once you get a custom deeply rooted in the hearts of the German people that custom is hard to shift."

"Which room would she be taken to in the case of the Roth-haus?" asked Dick, again looking at the plan.

"It's a little room on the left of the Governor's study, which is supposed never to be used except for that ghastly purpose of the last breakfast," replied Carton. "It was a horrible affair the time I was there. It was a cold, ghastly, foggy morning, the blinds were down, the curtains drawn, there was a great fire in the stove, and from outside there came the dull rumble of the early morning traffic, and there was the poor white-faced wretch hearing the last earthly sounds."

"That's all right," said Dick cheerfully. "I think I can see a way out. Can you manage a passport for Mrs Dayre—a safe conduct that'll take her out of Berlin?"

"Sure," answered Carton. "I'll get her out of the city right enough if you'll get her out of the jail. There's a train full of Americans leaving to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. I could put her in there, and she'd be as safe as if she were in her own home, for they daren't touch American citizens, and they don't want to either, for they're only too anxious to be friends with us."

"That's good of you, Carton, that's good of you. All right, she shall catch that train."

"Say," said Carton, "you're not going to use that little pistol of yours again, are you?"

"No, I've got a much more simple plan than that. Don't you worry your head, Carton. I'm not going to take life unless I'm absolutely obliged. From which station does your train start to-morrow morning?"

"Friederichstrasse. I shall have to leave seeing my compatriots off. You're sure you can manage it, Carrick, are you?"

"As far as a human being can be sure of anything, I'm sure that I'm going to get that little girl out of that jail somehow," answered Dick.

"You don't mind my risking things a bit, do you, sweetheart?" he went on, turning to Ellice.

"I love you all the more for doing it, Dick, and I shall help you all I can—I must help."

"Well, I shall worry some until I see you at the station to-morrow morning, Carrick, but, by Jupiter, I believe I shall see you there, for you're not the sort of man, sir, to go back on your word. You've given your word to your own soul to save Mrs Dayre, and you'll do it."

"Mr Carton," said Ellice, holding out both her hands to the nice young American, "I wonder whether all Americans are like you, for I really think you are the nicest I almost said the sweetest, man I ever met."

"Well, sure, if bouquets aren't being thrown at me now! Goodbye and good luck!"

After dinner that night Dick and Henri went for a walk. They went as far as the Roth-haus. Only a low wall separated the Governor's house from the street, or rather road, for there were no buildings very near.

"Oh, it's simple, isn't it, Henri?" said Dick, looking up.

"Simple? It's too simple for words," replied the little Frenchman. "But all the same, my dear Dick, I shall not be far away with my little pistol"

The Strange Old Clergyman.

With a face the colour of chalk, but with eyes shining and head held upright, Florence Dayre was brought in between two prison warders to the little room of the last breakfast.

There was the Governor, a stout, stern-faced man of discipline; there too was the clergyman, white-bearded, reverent. On the table was spread a meal.

The Governor motioned Mrs Dayre to sit down, and the clergyman opened his book.

"She's English this woman," said the clergyman to the Governor in German. "It may console her to hear her own tongue spoken in her last moments. Do you speak English, mine Herr?"

The Governor shook his head.

"The warders—do either of them speak English?"

Again a negative.

"Then I must do my poor best."

The clergyman turned to the prisoner.

"My child," he went on in English, in the same even tones, "the hour has come for you no longer to be afraid. In ten seconds from now count them—clap your hands to your face, and with your fingers pinch your nose so that you can't breathe through it. Do as I tell you, for five dead men tell no tales."

He placed his hand in a fatherly manner as if he were giving her the benediction, and recalling to mind the password, her hand went to her face and she held her breath. Then the Governor, who was standing near the wall, swayed a little, his eyes closed, his head lolled to one side. The two guards did the same, but still they stood erect, upright. Still Carrick was going to do something mighty unpleasant with that little gun, and yet you sat there and never batted an eye, never turned a hair. Gee, women are wonderful, ain't they, Carrick?"

"No compliments please, Mr Carton," smiled Ellice. "I'm just rowing in the same boat with Dick and trying to pull my little oar. Now, please—oh, do take that horrid pistol away, Dick! Put it in your pocket, please. It frightens me."

Carrick burst into a roar of laughter.

"To hear you talk one would never think that you were just about the bravest woman that ever stepped across the road," he said.

"Now, please, we must really get to business," went on Ellice. "You want to see the plans of the prison, don't you, Dick?"

In a minute the plans of the Roth-haus were produced, and one little spot was seen to be marked with the grim inscription, "Execution House."

"It's decapitation here, you know," said Carton, "by hanging. Pardon the gruesome details, Miss Remington. But that Execution House has never yet been used, and I don't expect that it will be in the strictest sense of the word, for the capital punishment is practically never inflicted on women. Still, in every properly conducted German prison there is an execution house, and I suppose they didn't see their way to abolishing such a delightful institution. It's a fair-sized building, and stand-proof, I suppose, so easy and roomy a prison should take it into her head to object to being deprived of that head. Now, all these shootings of spies by the Germans have been done quite secretly, so it's about ten to one that they are determined to shoot this unfortunate girl in that sound-proof building."

"I see, I see!" said Dick, who was poring over the plans. "The Execution House! Yes, that's the building that is built, apparently by a path from that building over there, the Governor's house. That's a funny place to bring a condemned prisoner from, isn't it? 'Um, if only I knew which cell that poor little girl was in! Let's see. The highest are three storeys up. There's a lightning conductor there! Well, I might be able to climb up that. But then there's the width of the windows to be considered. Have you got that marked in anywhere, Carton?"

"I don't know the exact width, but I know he said to Dick.

you must bolt, bolt, though I don't know how you're to get out of the city. And my job's gone, and my reputation if it's known that I'm mixed up in things. But that don't matter, it's you I'm thinking of, you two."

"As I told you before, Carton, you're a great big white man," said Dick, "never bothering about yourself; only thinking of us, of others. But you needn't worry about that waiter, old chap, for he's dead."

"Dead! Dead!" ejaculated Carton.

"Yes. I shot him through the head."

"Look here, if I didn't know you better, Carrick, I should think you'd suddenly gone mad. You come right away into the Embassy and talk to me there. By gad, you've made me sweat—pardon the expression, Miss Remington—but it's the sweat of funk, for I tell you it came home to me what it would mean to you both. Certain death, you know! Come right away in, and you can do all the talking you want, Carrick. It can't be too much for me."

Ellice, aghast, knew, of course, that the little pistol had been put to its deadly work. She had obeyed Dick's orders blindly, for she knew that it was all for the best.

Dick had shot a man! Well, he must have had a very good reason for doing it. Dick was right. If the man deserved death, Dick killed him. Dick was right—he was always right—and like the loyal, brave little woman she was she held her head high and walked proudly by Dick's side, keeping every nerve under strong control.

Carton was agitated. Dick's words had sprung such a surprise on him that it was no wonder that his voice shook a little and his hand trembled. With a smile he held it out for Ellice to look at.

"A funk, that's what I am, Miss Remington, a funk," he said. "Oh, Mrs Hooston I should have said. I beg your pardon."

"Yes, a funk who thinks of other people first—a funk who thinks of others and not himself. I know you, Carton," said Dick. "Now listen."

And then Dick explained what to Carton had been a mystery.

The waiter was the one who had served Dick at breakfast at the hotel that morning, and he had noticed as he handed a plate that the top joint of his left little finger was missing, and there was a rather unsightly protuberance at the end, the operation or accident having evidently left this knob or lump. When this waiter passed the three of them—Dick, Ellice, and Carton—just as they were about to sit down on the lounge Dick had taken no particular notice of him, for it seemed just part of the ordinary duties of a waiter to be moving about apparently attending to things in general.

But as Dick half rose from the lounge and leant over to a little shelf at the side to reach some matches his quick, keen eye, observant, sharp as a hawk's, distinctly saw one of the tall palms shake just a little, and at the same time part of a hand that was lying in view was whisked out of sight. Only part of this hand was visible, but one of the fingers terminated in a little round bulb of flesh. It was there for just a mere second, but Dick saw it. It was the hand of the waiter. That came to him in a flash. And that man was lying there listening! That was evident. He must have heard everything that had been said. That man must die.

And so Dick sent Ellice for the little pistol.

"The fellow was lying there full length on the floor amongst those plants," concluded Dick. "I guessed that before I had had a look at him. It was just that providential chance of my seeing his hand and recognising the finger that saved us. I knew what it meant for all of us—for you, Carton, too—so I made up my mind to kill him. If he hadn't been there at the end of our conversation I should have searched the hotel and killed him before he had had time to do any mischief. A spy! Of course he must have been a spy! That's why I knocked my stick down, so that I could make an excuse to have a good look. When I leant over I chanced it. I pushed aside a leaf or two, and there, sure enough, I saw his face. And he saw that I had seen him; I saw the look in his face. But that was the last thing he did see, for I shot him dead; he got a bullet right through his head. Well, they'll find him there dead. And you can bet nothing will be said about it. The hotel people won't like it to be known that they've harboured a spy in the shape of a waiter, and Baumeister, too, would take care that they kept their mouth shut."

"How did he get there, I wonder?" said Ellice after a few seconds' silence from everyone.

It seemed so strange, indeed so awful, to be talking quietly there while they had left grim death not so far behind them, secret, silent, instant death.

"Don't you suppose, darling, that a spy would find ways of getting in anywhere?" said Dick. "There would very likely be a secret entrance from behind those plants. He must have heard everything and thought he had got a nice haul, and, by Gad, it was a near thing."

"Yes, I guess it was," said Carton, handing back the pistol which Dick had given him to look at. "It's a cunning little instrument that! But, my word, Carrick, you've got a nerve to carry a thing through like that! And once more, Miss Remington, Mrs Hooston I should say," he rose to his feet and bowed, "may I take off my hat and set you on the very highest pedestal of woman's pluck? You must have guessed that through Carrick's wire going to do something mighty unpleasant with that little gun, and yet you sat there and never batted an eye, never turned a hair. Gee, women are wonderful, ain't they, Carrick?"

"No compliments please, Mr Carton," smiled Ellice. "I'm just rowing in the same boat with Dick and trying to pull my little oar. Now, please—oh, do take that horrid pistol away, Dick! Put it in your pocket, please. It frightens me."

Carrick burst into a roar of laughter.

"To hear you talk one would never think that you were just about the bravest woman that ever stepped across the road," he said.

"Now, please, we must really get to business," went on Ellice. "You want to see the plans of the prison, don't you, Dick?"

In a minute the plans of the Roth-haus were produced, and one little spot was seen to be marked with the grim inscription, "Execution House."

"It's decapitation here, you know," said Carton, "by hanging. Pardon the gruesome details, Miss Remington. But that Execution House has never yet been used, and I don't expect that it will be in the strictest sense of the word, for the capital punishment is practically never inflicted on women. Still, in every properly conducted German prison there is an execution house, and I suppose they didn't see their way to abolishing such a delightful institution. It's a fair-sized building, and stand-proof, I suppose, so easy and roomy a prison should take it into her head to object to being deprived of that head. Now, all these shootings of spies by the Germans have been done quite secretly, so it's about ten to one that they are determined to shoot this unfortunate girl in that sound-proof building."

"I see, I see!" said Dick, who was poring over the plans. "The Execution House! Yes, that's the building that is built, apparently by a path from that building over there, the Governor's house. That's a funny place to bring a condemned prisoner from, isn't it? 'Um, if only I knew which cell that poor little girl was in! Let's see. The highest are three storeys up. There's a lightning conductor there! Well, I might be able to climb up that. But then there's the width of the windows to be considered. Have you got that marked in anywhere, Carton?"

"I don't know the exact width, but I know he said to Dick.

AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET!

Why The Germans Dread Cold Steel.

A Deciding Factor in Modern Battles.

"ALL night long the enemy attacked us, and sometimes they got right up to the trenches, only to be hurled back at the point of the bayonet."

"You ought to have seen those Germans run away from our cold steel."

How often have we had these phrases repeated in the letters of our gallant soldier lads! So often, indeed, that we occasionally wonder why. We have the testimony of our men and of our official "Eye-Witness" that the Germans are personally courageous; that they will march on singing cheerfully, well knowing that they are going to certain death. Yet when they come to close quarters with the British and French troops they recoil from cold steel with instinctive fear, superior numbers notwithstanding.

Seldom, indeed, do they indulge in bayonet attacks themselves. And on each occasion they have attempted the use of the "white arm" they have signally failed, so far as we know. It will be recalled that when the London Scottish received their baptism of fire they were attacked by the enemy with fixed bayonets. The braw lads in kilts, however, were determined to show the Germans how it should be done, and they charged the advancing enemy, gloriously winning the day.

One reason of German inefficiency in these hand-to-hand encounters is undoubtedly due to the fact that their military experts have argued that the day of the bayonet had gone, for with modern long-range rifles they asserted troops could never get close enough for hand-to-hand conflict. This is but one more addition to the Prussian Junkers' list of amazing miscalculations.

Military authorities in other countries had almost come to this conclusion also, although in Britain our faith in cold steel has never wavered. And this war has proved its utility and potency. In fact, the bayonet has come to be the deciding issue when a battle is fought to a finish.

French Tommy's "Little Rosalie."

Our French Allies are also firm believers in the efficacy of "cold steel." Indeed, the valiant French "piou-piou" admires it so much that he has conferred on it a term of endearment. "With 'little Rosalie' we drove the pickelhaubes out of their trenches every time we could get near enough," has been the burden of many a letter sent from the French trenches to wife or sweetheart.

"Little Rosalie" is differently shaped from our own bayonet, which is like a dagger, with a blade twelve inches long, sharpened on both edges, and ground to a point. The French weapon is longer, and is more particularly intended for thrusting.

The German bayonet is half-knife, half-saw, and there was considerable indignation among our troops when its unusual composition was at first discovered. That the Germans are not above using these ugly weapons for ripping and rending the already wounded enemy we can well believe. At the same time, we must recollect that the Germans have not been taught to use cold steel in the same manner as either ourselves or the French. Their leaders, considering it an obsolete weapon, may have had it specially designed for use in camp and trenches.

Why Germans Use the Saw Bayonet.

At anyrate, the German military apologists argue that the teeth had been cut in for the purpose of sawing wood, and that, for the convenience of the soldiers, there are "quite a few" of such bayonets in each command.

Whatever be the truth of the matter, however, the use which the Germans have made of these weapons in direct hand-to-hand fighting has ended only in disaster to themselves. "Against our men the enemy has never closed with the bayonet," a writer at the front recently testified.

But the Allied forces, as well as the Germans, can utilise their bayonets for other than fighting purposes. Ingenuity is not confined to one side, and Tommy Atkins, with a weapon not purposely fashioned for "sawing wood," is able to make all kinds of handy tools with his bayonet without destroying its efficacy as a weapon.

The Russians are also formidable wielders of the bayonet. The weapon they use is triangular, with no cutting edge, and is solely for thrusting. This in some respects is a disadvantage. If at close quarters, a nimble enemy could seize it without injury, and thus have the Russian at his mercy.

A Bayonet Charge.

Lusty bayonet fighting requires good footwork. Quickness of foot and suppleness of body are quite as important in sticking up your adversary as a good thrust or a strong downward cut.

"Guard" is the position the soldier automatically and instinctively assumes when he is going to fight with his bayonet. He half faces to the right, and carries back his right foot about a length and a half, placing it firmly on the ground about three inches to the right. He carries the weight of his body equally on the balls of both feet, bending his knees slightly. At the same time he throws his rifle smartly to the front, grasping it with the left hand just below the lower band, his fingers under the leather gun-sling for the protection it affords, and his right hand grasping the small of the stock. His elbows are free from his body, and his bayonet points out straight in front, at the height of his chin.

At the same time his practised eye has picked out the most favourable ground and the best angle of approach for his feet, in argument. He keeps going with his feet, trying to encircle his enemy and find a vulnerable place to jab. The stomach is his "bull's-eye," with the chest counting as an inner ring, and the head as an outer, neck and limbs being least in order of importance. You have only to get in one good lunge on your enemy's stomach or chest to enable you to pass on to the next foe.

Let us suppose the fight is on.

Tommy is after his antagonist. A thrust—the rifle is shot forward the full length of the left arm while the barrel is turned to the left—lunge! Tommy jumps forward on his left foot and delivers the stab with the bayonet with all the force and weight of his body. He twirls the rifle around, straightening his right arm and right leg vigorously, pivoting the rifle in the left hand, allowing the bayonet to pass to the rear and putting the butt to the front—presto! he smashes out with the whole weight of the gun direct at his enemy's face!

Against a Game Foe.

He cuts down with bayonet; he cuts right and left. He cuts upward, and follows with a lunge. Now a thrust; next a butt blow; suddenly a wide sweep of the rifle with the butt up and back, and he crashes down with a terrific clubbing stroke. If it is sure and true, that enemy is done for.

Assume the foe is game, and has all the defences and parries at his bayonet tip equally well. He parries to the right and to the left, twisting the gun cleverly so that it covers the whole vulnerable front of him, even to the top of his head. And all the time his fingers are under the leather sling so that it's hard to cut them off. He parries high, throwing the whole rifle above his head and holding it there to catch a blow from above, or from a man on horseback or on a parapet.

Both are fighting to get the offensive. Both want the other fellow on the defensive. But both can't have the upper hand. One must carry while the other thrusts and lunges. Each watches the other's eyes, not his weapon. Each is watching to gain his opponent's left hand or to get him with his eyes to the sun. Then Tommy administers the coup, and all is over.

When the man with the bayonet attacks the man with the sword he must keep him back. The swordsman tries to get past the bayonet so that he may grasp the rifle's muzzle. Then is his one great chance. But the rifleman comes at him with short, quick thrusts to force him beyond striking distance with his weapon.

When the other fellow is mounted, every effort must be made to gain his left side. Here his reach is shorter and his parries weaker. And if the trooper is fighting back—well, the foot soldier goes after his horse first, because with the charger wounded or frightened the rest is easy.

Other Types of Cold Steel.

Referring to cavalry, it is interesting to recall that some of our own military experts are not yet convinced that the long lance is the most suitable weapon for horsemen, although this war has furnished us with some wonderful feats performed by cavalry so armed. Perhaps the most remarkable of these occurred at Mons, when a few of the 4th Dragoon Guards, accompanied by a number of French Dragoons, charged a German trench, plunging lances and swords into bending Prussian backs as the horses jumped the trench.

The cavalry sword, of course, is a formidable weapon, but British infantry officers do not use their rapier in the field. This was one of the many lessons the Boer war taught us. The sword clearly distinguished the officer, with the result that the Boer snipers were able to pick them out as their most effective targets.

But the weapon which the Germans fear even more than the bayonet is the cold steel of the Gurkha's "kukri." ... curved knife makes the flesh creep.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE FIRING LINE.

Big Surprise for Men on Indian Transports

Says Highlander In Remarkable Diary Of The War.

"IT was a wonderful sight to see those Indian transports on the ocean—52 in all, including the naval escort—and likewise a remarkable manifestation of Britain's command of the sea."

So writes Pioneer-Sergeant J. C. Honeyman, of the 2d Black Watch, one of the wounded soldiers in Dundee Eastern Hospital. Sergeant Honeyman is a native of Leven, and for eight years had been with his regiment in India ere going to the front.

His diary of the war, written in the trenches, with shells and bombs bursting all around, is a document of considerable interest, and the following extracts which we have been permitted to make form a thrilling narrative of recent fighting, and furnish many interesting sidelights on matters which do not readily come to the ears of the public.

Sergeant Honeyman's voyage from India lasted twenty-six days. The men on two of the transports, he writes, got a big surprise, for when they were several days out these ships left the others to proceed apparently to German East Africa. Of course no one knew where we were going except some of the head ones.

The voyage to Marseilles was a fairly pleasant one. While in this beautiful French city one of our men died in hospital, so my company had to parade to the funeral. The French women came up to the graveside and placed about twenty wreaths thereon. The service was a very solemn one, and the French women wept as they heard the pipers play "Lochaber No More."

Within Sound of the Guns.

When we first came within sound of the guns we were at a village called Robeck, billeted in a school. We could hear the cannonading going on around Lille, and we saw lots of aeroplanes flying about. There is a scarcity of people about here; everybody seems to have shifted down country.

About eleven o'clock on the night of the 28th October we received orders that we were to move off the next morning early. At about 5.30 a.m. we moved off from Robeck, and marched along the canal to Bethune, and then from Bethune to Gorre, where a big battle was raging. The shells were bursting over our heads. I never heard the like before.

In the evening we moved off to the trenches, a distance of three miles. Everyone was excited at the idea of going to the trenches. We were to relieve the West Ridings, who had been in the trenches for fifteen days, and wanted a rest badly. We had to wait until it was dark, for we had some open ground to go over, and to make things worse the rain was coming down very heavily.

As soon as we got out into the village the Germans seemed to know that we were sending more troops to the trenches, for they started to fire on us, and our troops, who were covering our advance, and our artillery were firing for all they were worth. We managed to get into the trenches about 11 p.m., and we found we had only three men wounded. It was bad luck for them, for they had never fired a shot nor even seen a German before they were carried off the field.

While the battle was raging our troops took things quite easily. You would think it was a sham fight to see them.

In the Wake of the Vandals.

The headquarters of the signallers and pioneers is a village called Le Pont de Pier, just 700 yards behind the firing line, and I may say we are being shelled. The houses all in ruins. They are staying in a shop. There are big gardens here with all kinds of vegetables growing, and we are taking them to make our dinner. When the inhabitants come back to their village after the war they will weep when they see their homes ruined and all their belongings destroyed. The Germans had this village destroyed when they took it, but our troops have driven them back, and we are occupying the houses and shops that are left.

My pioneers have a very dangerous job to do here. We have to carry the ammunition to the firing lines whenever it gets dark, but the moon is shining now, and last night we had a terrible time, the enemy opening a tremendous fire upon us. One may be walking on the road here when he may get shot down, for the Germans have sharp-shooters up all the trees.

The Ghurkas lost heavily to-day. The enemy got through the French lines, and the Ghurkas and the Sikhs rushed at them with their knives and cut them down, preventing the French trenches being taken, but they lost nearly 200 men. It was pitiful to see them running about with their knives in their hands wanting to get at the enemy.

The Chief War Lord at the Front.

The Kaiser is coming out to-day (2d Nov.) to encourage his army, so we shall see what improvements he will make. The Germans seem to be retiring a bit, but we can't tell whether they have many casualties or not, and we still hold our own trenches.

The German guns are doing little or no damage. We are still busy entrenching around this village. The snipers are a bit a nuisance. They are all around the place, and it is difficult to locate them. They tie themselves up in trees for fear of falling when they go to sleep, but where they get their supplies from we cannot find out.

We were sent along to reinforce the 58th Rifles, and arrived at a village called Festubert. It was a shameful sight. Every house was in ruins, a big church had been burned down, and the goods from all kinds of shops were scattered all over the place. Our companies moved off to the trenches, where a big battle was raging, but the Pioneers were left behind with the reserve ammunition and rations.

Our troops have been some six days in the trenches, and never have had much of a rest. The enemy are throwing grenades, a very dangerous bomb, and our lads had no chance with them. They burst in the trenches and cause some damage, but I believe we are getting the same kind of bombs sent to us, so we can play the Germans at their own game.

A Gallant Charge.

This is an awful time to be so long in the trenches, unable to get out and have a stand-up fight. The Leicesters have captured three is angry.

machine guns to-day. Captain Forrester left here at midnight with 20 men to charge a small advanced trench of the Germans. They crawled on their stomachs to within five yards of the Germans' trench and made a charge. Captain Forrester was shot straight away, but his wound is not too bad, and he will be back in two months' time. The sergeant also got a slight wound, but the remainder of the men came back unscathed. The Germans ran for their lives, for they cannot stick the bayonet charge,

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1914.

HOW GERMANY FIGHTS.

In one of the industrial centres in the eastern theatre of war a number of miners had just come up from the pits when they were captured by a patrol of Uhlans, who forced them to walk on in front as shields.

A TRUE BRITISHER!

During the heavy fighting in France it has been reported a British officer, although badly wounded, carried a wounded German to the enemy's lines. For this gallant act the German officer pinned an Iron Cross upon the breast of the British hero. He returned to his own lines, but subsequently died. He was recommended for the V.C., for this example of chivalry.

BELGIAN FLAG DAY.

A Belgian soldier in London salutes a Britisher who is buying a miniature Belgian flag in aid of the gallant Belgian soldiers. The Belgian soldier has proved himself on the battlefield to be courageous and valorous.

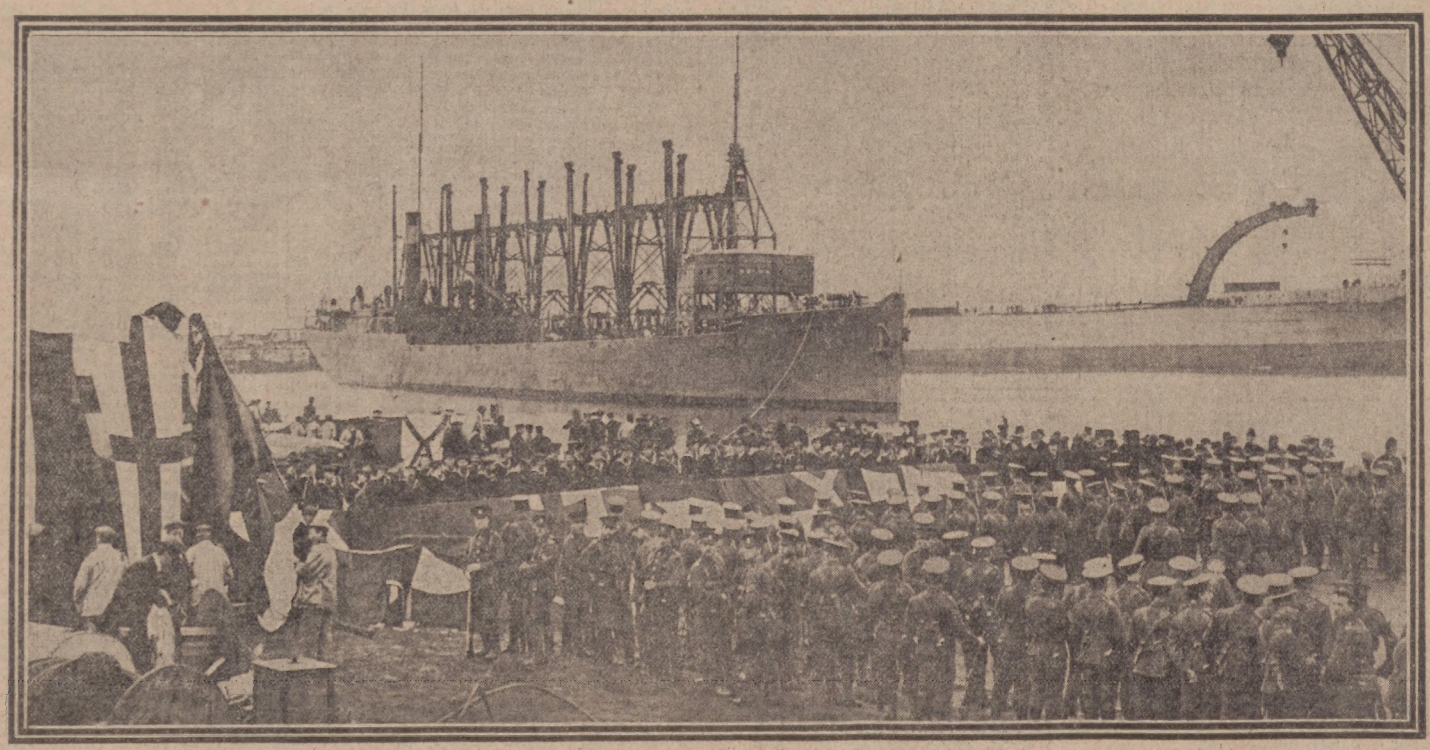
RUINED AFTER GERMANS HAD PASSED THROUGH.

This picture gives one the full knowledge of what it means for a village or town to be in the firing line. The little village of Sermaize, situated 15 miles north-east of Vitry, in the Marne district, suffered severely during the battle which took place, and not a single house was left unharmed after the Germans had passed through it. The picture was taken after the Germans had left.

A V.C. HERO.

It is officially announced the Victoria Cross has been awarded to Major C. A. L. ate (deceased), 2d Battalion the King's wn Yorkshire Light Infantry. He com- anded a company that remained to the d at Le Cateau on 26th August. He led nineteen survivors against the enemy in charge, in which he was severely nded. The Major subsequently died as isoner of war.

THE AMERICAN SANTA CLAUS SHIP.



The American Santa Claus ship Jason arrived at Plymouth with 1200 tons of Christmas gifts for the children of the soldiers of belligerent nations. Over 200 American newspapers throughout the States assisted in the scheme of sending a Christmas ship to the belligerent nations. Plymouth gave a Royal welcome to the ship, Government and town officials assisting in the reception.

After disembarking the British and Belgium's presents, she will leave for Marseilles, where she will leave the French quota, and subsequently deliver presents for Germany and Russia under escort of the battleship North Carolina. This strange craft is one of the States' latest ships for coaling her battleships, and has a net tonnage of 21,000 tons. She is fitted, like all other American Government colliers, with towering craneworks.

MAJOR-GEN. RAWLINSON.

It is officially announced that Major-General Sir Henry S. Rawlinson, who so recently as September 21 was appointed a Division Commander, has now been further promoted by being appointed an Army Corps Commander. He has had a considerable experience of actual warfare, having seen service in Burmah, in the Soudan, and in South Africa. He is 50 years of age.

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